# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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### PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

## THE NEW YORK STOCK BOARD.

WE engrave below the New York Stock Board in session during the stormy scenes of last week, when prominent stocks fell eight or ten per cent. in a day, and fortunes were made and lost between ten o'clock in the morning and four of the afternoon.

It is a much-abused and very memorable spot, this New York Stock Exchange, and does more to regulate values in the country at large than any other locality from Maine to Texas. A handsome room, with curtains hung on the walls to help the voice of the brokers; the President seated at one end on a sort of pulpit, flanked by secretaries; each broker in his seat at a desk; the privileged few who obtain permission to "assist" at the session huddled into a corner so as to be out of the way; the air resonant with shouts of "I'll take a hundred"—"Sold"—"Two hundred, buyer sixty"—"Forty-one and a quarter for fifty"—"That's my bid"—"Mr. President"—"Mr. Snooks is fined"—and so on, for the "boys" are often unruly, and much given to talk loud and quick, as the excitement of their business might well justify.

There are perhaps a hundred and fifty members altogether. Each pays $500 entrance fee, and is balloted for. Candidates for admission used to be kept in expectancy for months; but latterly the brokers have grown more generous of their favors, and an aspirant is seldom long kept at the door—a policy which is equally injurious to the old and to the new members. When a member of the Board can not fulfill his engagements, he must vacate his seat, nor can he again resume it until he has paid up or otherwise satisfied his creditors. As a rule, however, the brokers are any thing but inexorable. Except in cases where fraud is very obvious, they are usually ready enough to cry quits with their debtor, and readmit him to the Board. These men make money easily, and are generous and liberal.

The normal business of the Board is to effect the sales and purchases of stocks required by the outside public. When Brown, having saved $1000, wants to buy Virginia Sixes to that amount, he directs his broker to effect the purchase at the Board; so when Smith, happening to need money for his business, bethinks himself of turning his Erie into money, he intrusts his broker with the operation. This is the legitimate sphere of the Stock Board.

In these times it is a very subordinate sphere. Ninety-nine hundredths of the business of the Board have nothing whatever to do with the investing of savings, or the conversion of stock property into cash. The immense majority of the operations of the New York Stock Exchange are gambling devices. For instance:

Smith believes that Erie Railroad stock is selling uncommonly cheap. He reasons the matter out with himself, and makes his mind up that within a few days or weeks Erie stock will be five or ten per cent. higher. He resolves to speculate for the rise—to gamble, in fact. He has, say $5000 in cash. Supposing Erie to be selling at $25 the share, this would enable him to buy and lay away 200 shares of stock. But this is not enough. He wants to make a larger operation. He goes to a broker and asks how much "margin" he will require to buy Erie for his account. Broker, according to his views of the tendency of the market, asks a deposit of ten or five per share. The latter would enable Smith to buy 1000 shares; the former 500. Agreeing on this point, then, Smith deposits his money, and broker buys 500 or 1000 shares for his account, "buyer thirty," or "buyer sixty." The meaning of these abstruse terms is, that during the thirty or sixty days following the date of the contract Smith may at any time demand of the seller the shares purchased at the price agreed upon, the day of delivery being at his option till the end of the contract. If, therefore, within ten days, let us say, after the contract, Erie goes up ten per cent., Smith, if he be a sensible man, will demand his stock of the seller, and without even seeing the shares, will make the $10 on each. If, on the other hand, the stock goes down, and happens to stay down till the end of the contract, as obstinate stocks have been known to do, Smith must, at the expiration of his thirty or sixty days, take the stock of his seller, and pay the price agreed upon, though it be much higher than the market price at the time.

Another form of gambling: Jones believes that we are going to have a "crisis," a "revulsion," and "panic." Or Jones is treasurer of the New Gauge Railway, and having access to the books, knows that it is insolvent. In both these cases Jones directs his broker to sell for his account so many shares of the New Gauge Railway, "seller sixty" or "seller thirty," thus retaining the right of delivering the stock on any day he pleases prior to the conclusion of the contract. Of course, Jones doesn't own the stock he sells; he intends to buy it at a reduced price at the time he delivers. Now, if Jones has been right in his prognostications—if the panic and crisis do come, or if the New Gauge Company does turn out to be insolvent, of course the stock goes down, and Jones buys in for delivery at the reduced price, realizing the difference between that price and the one at which he sold. But if Jones has been wrong—if the crisis don't come, or is unduly postponed—such things have been known to occur—if the New Gauge concern should prove profitable, and not insolvent, why then the stock might go up, and at the end of the contract Jones might be forced to buy for, say $50, that which he sold at $45—netting a loss of $5 per share.

It is in operating in these two ways that the Board of Brokers is mostly occupied. Some of the members do not trouble themselves about a commission business, but speculate altogether on their own account. But the throng of outside speculators affords lucrative employment for many among the number.

No one who is unfamiliar with Wall Street has any idea of the extent of stock speculation. It has been said that there are not ten merchants in New York who do not dabble in stocks; certainly very few resist the temptation. Merchants, lawyers, men of property, doctors, editors, clerks, and even clergymen and ladies, are constant customers of the brokers. Probably $1,500,000 to $2,000,000 are paid in the course of the year to the Board in the shape of commissions. One leading broker—who is known to be honest and averse to speculation—makes $50,000 to $60,000 a year.

It is well that some one should make money out of the practice, for certainly the speculators do not. One of the oldest members of the Board declared positively the other day that, in an experience of

THE NEW YORK STOCK BOARD IN SESSION.

nearly thirty years, he did not remember one single stock speculator who had made a fortune and retired with it. The vast majority of outside speculators—like the green visitors of a faro table—are usually "cleaned out" within a few weeks after their first essay. A few—rare swimmers in the fearful abyss—strike a happy vein, and make a few thousands. A striking law of nature then comes into play. If the gambler has made $10,000, he says, "I will make $25,000, and then go to Europe." If he has made $20,000, he says, "I will make $100,000, and then retire." If he has made $50,000 or $75,000, he says, "I will make just $250,000, so as to be able to live decently." There is no deviation from this rule. And it invariably happens that just before the gambler has reached the limit he fixes upon, Fortune turns against him, and he is ruined. Every body supposes that *he* will be wise enough to retire at the right time, and to be content with what he has got. Nobody ever is.

In the crisis consequent upon the Schuyler affair, some years ago, a young clerk having honestly come by a few hundred dollars, bought Erie stock with it at about 30. It rose in a few weeks to 45 or so. He made several thousand dollars. He continued to speculate. He bought other stocks, which rose likewise. He extended his operations, gave up his office, invested all his money and his time in his gambling schemes. All throve. Every stock he touched rose. He began to feel that he was a person of very superior judgment. His broker rather shared the opinion, listened respectfully to his orders, and asked him for hints. He took a fine house and lived well. When he had made considerably over a hundred thousand dollars his broker took him into his inner room one morning.

"Mr. L——," said the honest man, "the balance in my hands due you is now $——, considerably more than you will want to live upon for the rest of your life. You have a mother and sisters. If you continue to speculate you will infallibly lose every dollar. Let me entreat and implore of you to draw out this money, and go to Europe for a couple of years."

The young man laughed scornfully at the suggestion, and intimated that he was old enough to take care of himself.

"Then, Sir," said the broker, "you will be good enough to withdraw your balance and close your account with me, for I will have no hand in ruining you."

He did so; engaged other brokers who were glad of the business; and was a beggar within sixty days, without employment, or money, or credit, or capacity for work.

Stock gambling is certainly the most ruinous of pursuits; for it not only leads to pecuniary loss, but it unfits a man for any work, and in nine cases out of ten saps his moral principles. How can a man work for $25 or $50 a week who has operations on foot by which he may make as many hundreds in the like period? The miserable, idle, good-for-nothing creatures who hang about William Street and the Stock Exchange, ready to gamble in stocks with any one who will trust them, are really the most pitiable wretches in the city; for they could not, if they would, work at any honest labor. They are unfit for every employment save gambling, and when they go down they go very deep indeed—quite out of sight. How they teem with falsehood, too! No fabrication is too infamous for them to utter when their interest may be served by the depression or inflation of a stock. This recklessness of truth is one of the most invariable marks of this class of stock gamblers. Some who are members of the Church, men of family and character, esteemed and respected in private and public life, will tell the most outrageous falsehoods to serve their stock-gambling operations, without the least scruple or hesitancy; and no one ever seems to think their conduct reprehensible. Purse, habits, and character—stock-gambling is the ruin of them all.

Yet the instinct is universal. At Paris every body gambles on the Bourse; almost every body speculates in the Funds in London; in the West they gamble in flour and land; in the South, in cotton. The mania of the agio is universal in the human heart. Laws are futile to suppress it; even the clear prospect of ruin and shame only deters the wise.

Were it clearly understood among the mercantile community that no man who gambles in stocks would be trusted by the banks or the merchants; were the brokers fewer in number, their charges heavier, and their deposits more considerable; and were the practice of stock-gambling among professional men and young people generally visited with the disgrace it deserves, then, perhaps, it might cease to be the most popular vice of the age.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1857.

## NEW STARS IN THE FLAG.

THE two Constitutional Conventions of Minnesota appointed, some time since, a Committee of Conference; that Committee, we are happy to say, has now done its work, and the result is a Constitution which politicians of all parties will support, and which consequently will be adopted by the people of Minnesota, probably without a dissentient voice. On the 13th October it is to be submitted to the popular vote, and at the same time the Legislature is to be chosen on which will devolve the duty of selecting the first United States Senators from the new State of Minnesota. The Constitution, it need hardly be added, will not sanction slavery.

Thus, on the opening of the next Congress, Minnesota, with her Constitution, will be one of the earliest postulants for congressional attention. But she will not be alone. Kansas, her sister Territory, will likewise apply to the same Congress for admission to the Union as a State.

The bare statement of the fact suggests the nature of the coming contest. In all probability Kansas will apply for admission with a Constitution entirely silent on the subject of slavery. And it will be said by the South that even this much is a concession to the North; as, according to the old rule, the admission of the Free State of Minnesota ought to be accompanied by that of a Slave State. But it will probably be urged by the North that as slavery exists in Kansas under the United States laws, its admission to the Union with a Constitution silent on the subject of slavery would make it in fact a Slave State; and no doubt the more violent of the anti-slavery party would be inclined to resist its admission until a positive renunciation of slavery were inserted in its Constitution.

The acknowledged doctrine of the Democratic party—which will be in an overwhelming majority in the next Congress—is that new States must be admitted with or without slavery as their people desire, and that it is not within the province of Congress even to inquire what domestic institutions they propose to establish or maintain.

And we are inclined to think that the action of the next Congress in reference to Kansas and Minnesota will be in accordance with this doctrine; that is to say, that all efforts to ingraft an anti-slavery clause upon the Constitution of Kansas will fail, and that Minnesota with her free Constitution, and Kansas with her noncommittal Constitution, will be admitted simultaneously into the Great Brotherhood.

Things might have turned out differently had the politicians in Kansas been endowed with more common sense and less party zeal. But the Free State men of Kansas, by cutting themselves off from the benefits of the franchise, have made it a forced game, and must now make the best of it.

## POSITION OF THE ENGLISH IN ASIA.

THE last mail-steamer from Europe brings accounts which look very gloomy indeed for British interests in Asia. From India we hear that Delhi has not fallen, but that the British besieging force has lost its chief, General Barnard, on whose energy and skill great reliance was placed by the Government; that the mutiny has been confirmed throughout the north and northwest, and that the English are reduced to the possession of a few strong places. The Chinese, as was indeed apparent from the news by a former mail, are prepared to defend their territory with more determination and more skill than their adversaries expected; and as, for the present, the expeditionary force has been recalled to take a part in the struggle in Hindostan, the only effect of the war thus far has been to destroy British commerce in China, to imbue the Chinese with a hatred of the English, and to strengthen the Government of Pekin in its natural assumption of superiority to foreigners. Finally, from Persia we hear that the Shah, taking advantage of the embarrassments of the English, has resolved to retain possession of Herat in defiance of the Treaty of Paris, and further, to retain his whole army on a war footing.

It is suggested by the organ of Lord Palmerston that these last events are due to the instigation of Russia, and that the expert manœuvres and improved drill of the Chinese are likewise the fruit of Russian agency. This is quite possible.

Whether the Russians are at work or no, it is quite obvious that the English now are in the worst position they ever occupied in Asia. They are literally surrounded by enemies on every side, and have not a single resource to rely on but the bravery and the wealth of their people at home.

It is quite true, as the *Herald* lately suggested, that our interests—to take a mere material view of the question—would rather be injured than furthered by the expulsion of the English from Asia. British domination certainly extends commerce, promotes peace, and in a certain way, propagates civilization. But it is likely that our people, in viewing this question, may disappoint those who view us as a nation of mere dollar and cent calculators, and allow at least as much influence to their feelings and their prejudices as to their gainful instincts. An impression prevails here—we believe it to be just and well founded—that the English have been ruthless, grasping, heartless, mercenary tyrants in Asia; that they have robbed the Hindoos from first to last, and have only civilized where civilization would fatten their victims; that they have overset one class of despotisms only to establish another; that they have had one concern and one only in China—to sell to the Chinese the opium which is the curse and the bane of that interesting people. With this impression strong on the average American mind, it will be pretty hard work to get up any sympathy for England here—and quite out of the question to expect to enlist troops for her service.

If the English were driven to bay, and forced to fight for hearth and home against such a combination of despotic powers as Russia, Austria, and France; if they got into a quarrel through their sympathies with free institutions, and foreigners attacked them in order to weed out the only really free State in Europe; then, indeed, the sympathies of this nation might be touched, and a chord struck for the old mother country with some effect. Half a million of men could be mustered, and any amount of money subscribed in this country to protect England from destruction by the despots. But to raise men to help her enslave the poor Asiatics she has so cruelly trampled upon, will be found, we think, a very difficult task indeed.

## THE OHIO LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY.

WEEKS have elapsed since this concern suspended payment; attachments have been placed upon the assets, and legal proceedings of fine promise for the bar instituted; but no statement of the actual cause of the failure has yet been made public.

The people have a right to know what became of the seven or eight millions which are said to have been lost, and why and how an institution whose credit stood very high, and to which thousands of poor persons were accustomed to intrust their savings, suddenly broke down and ruined its best friends.

The idle tongue of Rumor already insinuates that individuals who should have been the best guardians of the interests of the concern were really the agents of its ruin; *that they brought the Company to the ground by using it for their private ends.* The public, and especially the depositors with the Ohio Life and Trust Company, have a right to know on what basis these insinuations rest; for their own sake, those who know should tell the truth without loss of time.

## VACATION IS OVER.

ALL the world rejoices in our fine autumnal season but the boys and girls. To them it is the dullest period of the year, shadowing their young hearts with the gloom and sorrow of school life. It is a sad change from the freedom of a holiday, with its occasions of unrestricted enjoyment, to the close confinement and dull routine of our educational institutions. That youth, with all its joyousness of nature, should look forward with melancholy forebodings to the renewal of their school experience, is not surprising. What can be so ill adapted to the nature of childhood as the prevailing systems of education? What are they but so many intellectual presses to which infant brains are submitted until every drop of the vital spirits is squeezed out!

How carefully is the whole nature of childhood ignored by our school teachers! Enter the school-room, look at its walls, bare of any thing but that black board, ominous of the dark mysteries of mathematical bewilderment; look at the formal ranges of unpainted desks, hacked by juvenile knife and mapped with black seas of ink; look at the coarsely-sanded floor, the hard wooden benches, the rusty stove, the broken slates here, and the dog-eared books there. The aspect of so much coldness, hardness, and gloomy formality is enough to chill any young heart. Why should study be made so unlovely, by surrounding it with every thing to offend the eye and check the flow of the animal spirits? Why should not those cold walls be hung with pictures, and that gritty floor softened to the step by a carpet? Is there any necessary connection between the difficulties of learning and the discomforts of body? Can not boys and girls get their heads crammed with intellectual food without the application of counter-pressure to the opposite extremities?

It is not only, however, of the want of regard to personal comfort that we complain, and the unnecessary and injurious association of sufferings of the body with the labors of the mind, but of the disregard of the instincts and disposition of youth. The young can not be educated through the intellect alone. The sensations, the perceptions, and the imaginations are all to be carefully disciplined. These are the faculties which exhibit themselves in early life in the greatest vigor, and, if not properly trained, will be sure to grow wildly, or to degenerate into morbid development. What provision, however, is made in our ordinary schools for such a training? Where is the teacher who ever takes into account any thing but the boy's intellect, and the quantity of Greek, Latin, or mathematical pressure it can bear *per diem?* Do you ever hear of any teaching of the senses beyond that perhaps of touch, under the painful consciousness of an application of the ferule? Do you ever hear of any effort to arouse the perceptive faculties, or of any direct appeal for the purpose of education to the youthful imagination?

It is a matter of the greatest moment that the animal spirits which spring from the natural joyousness of youth should be sustained in their freshness, for they are intimately associated with the proper development of those faculties which more particularly characterize the young, and upon which their future usefulness and happiness depend. The system of modern education is unwholesome both to body and mind. By its excessive pressure upon the intellect the brain is tasked beyond its physical power, and disease is necessarily produced; while by its exclusive nurture of one set of faculties at the expense of the rest, the general balance of the mind is disturbed.

So long as the nature of childhood is ignored, its strongest faculties repressed and its weakest over-exercised, its animal spirits checked by all that is sad and severe, and its senses dulled by the ugly, discordant, and offensive, we are not surprised that our children go unwillingly to school. They truly have reason for their sorrow, and our fullest sympathy, that *vacation is over.*

## LOVE ON A FERRY-BOAT.

ONE day while in the ferry-boat
From Courtlandt Street to Jersey City,
I met a maid about eighteen,
Modest, and, I thought, very pretty.

It chanced I helped her in some need—
Some trivial act of mere politeness—
But then her thanks were such, I turned
From white to red, from red to whiteness.

She thanked me simply—but the tones
Were so entirely unexpected—
In general when I'm thus gallant
I'm either snubbed or quite neglected.

I sat beside her, and we talked
Of various things—the boat, the weather,
Those beaten paths which strangers tread
When they by chance are thrown together.

She said she was an only child—
Her mother, too, was down with fever—
And had to quit a good employ
Because she could not dare to leave her.

She'd been to look for work which she
Could do at home, until her mother
Could get about—and then I saw
She strove a tear or two to smother.

And in those tears I thought I saw
A world of quiet woe and sorrow—
The pang of those who dine to-day,
But wonder how they'll dine to-morrow.

"Well, child," I said—I'd have you know
If I'm a day I'm nearly fifty—
"I'm truly glad to see one young
Like you industrious and thrifty.

"But have you got the work you sought?"
She did not speak; the tears grew bigger—
I know not why, but with my cane
I drew on deck some foolish figure,

And looked out window on the sea,
Then turned my gaze upon the dry land;
Then all at once became absorbed
In something strange on Staten Island.

I will not swear my eyes were dry,
Nor yet that they were any moister;
But somehow each one seemed to feel
Salinely damp as any oyster.

Then came a pause—and there she sat
In silent sorrow like a statue—
"Hang it!" I thought, "this will not do;
I'm half in love with you—here's at you!"

"What is your name, my child?" I asked,
"Eliza, Sir," she answered meekly;
"Have you a lover?" How she stared!
Then lowered her eyes and glanced obliquely,

With grave suspicion at my face;
A glance, too, not without its anger—
I like to see a virtuous fire
Flash grandly through a woman's languor!

She rose to quit her seat. I caught
Her hand and said, "You must not leave me;
If you mistook me, on my soul,
You do not know how much 'twould grieve me!

"I am no silly would-be swain—
No gray-haired Romeo—no romancer;
Honor in heart, and truth on lips;
Now, Yes or No—I want an answer!"

I felt the fire of her gray eyes
Flash through me, as the lamp of miner
Lights the long shaft. In reading souls,
Woman's, I swear, the true diviner!

She read me on the instant—knew
I meant no treason—and, instanter,
Changed her whole manner toward me
Into a sort of pleasant banter.

"I have no lover yet," she said;
"I mean at present, but then may be—"
"Then if you ever have a swain
Other than me, accursed the day be!

"Eliza, hear me! I am rich,
I'm honest, kind, and well-intentioned;
No poor relations—or, at least,
The ones I have are amply pensioned.

"I'm lonely now—I want a wife
To share my home, my heart, my riches;
Who'll don the marriage-dress without
The usual matrimonial stitches;

"Who'll yield to me as I to her;
Who will not keep me in a cellar
When she's a party, nor produce me
Till circumstances dire compel her.

"I want a wife—an honest one—
Not one made up of hoops and carmine,
But one like you—to be my pride,
And I'll *be* proud the day you are mine!"

I ceased. She smiled. My earnest tones
Had thrilled her heart with some vibrations,
For on her cheek quick blushes rose,
And heaved her breast with palpitations.

"I know not what to say," she cried,
  And drooped away her pretty head;
Blest speech! when woman knows not what
  To say, then all you want is said!

But why go farther? Shall I tell
  The many days I spent in wooing—
In honest wooing—not as Moore
  Has said, "in watching and pursuing!"

Nothing to watch or to pursue—
  Eliza's life was calm and clear
As that pure lake where Arthur's sword
  Was cast by brave Sir Bevidere.

We are unfashionable, 'tis true—
  We go to bed before the morning;
And to "Camelias" far prefer
  Health's roses as a fresh adorning.

What's more, Eliza does not dance,
  Nor even know the famous German;
Of course, you see, she's quite exiled
  From Upper Ten by Fashion's firman.

Yet still we're happy as things go,
  And manage to be always merry,
And often talk about the way
  We met on Jersey City Ferry.

## CHAT.

### BROADWAY AND WALL STREET.

WE thought we had every thing to make us gay and happy. This is the finest season of the year, the splendid autumn of our latitude. The city was never more full. The traders from the country have come in crowds to keep us busy, and the fashionables have returned to cheer us at our work with their lively frivolities. Broadway is all in a rustle with thronging crinolines, its bazars are flaring with the most brilliant colors, and their seductive salesmen are offering the most tempting baits to female desire. A turn round the corner, however, takes you from the sunshine, gayety, and delight of Broadway, to the gloom, sadness, and apparent despair of Wall Street. In the one, you rejoice in the fine weather, the cheerful aspect of the gay throng, and the brilliant array of fashion; in the other, you are depressed with the dull times, the saddened look of anxiety, and the confusion of disordered business. Broadway seems wonderfully indifferent to the sufferings of Wall Street; but Broadway, we fear, has no conscience, or else it would take to sackcloth and ashes, as a penitent sinner too. We hear, however, nothing of sackcloth and ashes in the talk about

### THE NEW FASHIONS.

The opening day for the new fashions is approaching. Madame la Mode, having just returned from Paris, where she is supposed, during a summer visit, to have been initiated into the mysteries of the autumnal fashions, will display, in Broadway, on or about (as the lawyers say) the fifteenth of September, the splendid results of her investigations abroad. All the crinoline of New York will be out, we may be assured, on the occasion, and will flutter with eager desire about the tempting attractions of fashion. The bonnets, which are so sure to burst out in full bloom upon us, were never so beautiful, we are told, and moreover, never so rich and expensive. Let Wall Street not forget, in its anxious calculations for the future, to make due provision for the inevitable item of the Fall bonnet, which may as well be put down at something near fifty dollars. Don't grumble, and turn out your empty pockets. How can your wife be decent for less? So work, borrow, rob, or break, for the Fall bonnet, recollect, is inevitable.

That business is put to all kinds of shifts to pay its way, under the pressure of financial difficulty and female extravagance, is not surprising. That dishonesty is tempted to the commission of crime is not to be wondered at, when even honesty is so puzzled to make two ends meet as to be obliged to resort to

### A TRICK OF TRADE.

At this period, when New York is crowded with traders from all parts of the country prepared to make their purchases from our city merchants, the well-known system of "drumming" is brought into full operation. It is the practice for dry-goods dealers especially to provide themselves with certain clerks, whose principal duty it is to make the acquaintance of country traders, and to induce them to visit and purchase at the stores of their employers. These drummers are liberally supplied with means, that they may dress dashingly and be able to treat freely those whom they desire to entrap. They are constantly about the hotels during the business season, and find no difficulty in making the acquaintance of those country dealers that they suppose will be good customers. We have heard a good story in connection with this system of drumming!

An eager merchant in New York, having heard of the arrival of a trader who was known to be a large purchaser and of unquestionable credit, was resolved to get him to visit his establishment, when he felt sure he could secure him as a customer. He accordingly sent out one of his drummers—of whom he had a large number, adapted to every taste and disposition. He, however, returned without success. No. 2 was sent, and with no better result; and again No. 3, and so on, until all had gone and come back without their man. The merchant now determined to go himself; and, finding that brandy-and-water and free tickets to the theatre were of no avail, for the country trader did not take the one, nor go to the other, and could not be persuaded by any such inducements, he was reduced to the necessity of a ruse. It was simple enough, but it proved effectual. On the merchant taking his leave, he took care to take the countryman's hat instead of his own. Next morning, as was expected, the merchant received a visit at his store from the country dealer, who came to demand the hat which had been taken, as he supposed, by mistake. This was, of course, all that was wanted. The visit was secured, and a good bill was the result.

### THE GERMANS ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

In spite of the clouds in Wall Street and the gloom of the week, our fellow German citizens have been as lively and merry as sea-gulls in a storm. They think—and they are undoubtedly right—that this life is meant for enjoyment no less than for other purposes. They accordingly deliberately set apart a portion of their time for merry-making, and systematically carry out their object. Their plan is simple enough. A spot is chosen somewhere near the suburbs of the city, sufficiently remote to secure the country advantages of pure air, the shade of trees, and the softness of the green turf, and yet not so far distant but that it can be easily accessible to the inhabitants of the city. The revel is kept up for several days, and consists of music and dancing, displays of feats of strength and agility, eating and drinking, and the ordinary miscellaneous recreations of an European fair.

We think that the Germans are showing us a good example that we Americans might imitate with advantage. There is no reason why all the cream of life should be skimmed by the foreigner; but it is so, nevertheless. We should take a lesson from him, and stopping work at fixed periods of the year, refresh ourselves with relaxation and innocent amusement. How is it that all the beauties of Nature which surround our city are left to the exclusive enjoyment of the Germans? Why can not we, like them, take our sail to Staten Island or Hoboken, and wander about amidst their landscape charms, forgetful for one half a day at the least, out of the whole week, of the pains of labor and the cares of life? At present, three-fourths of the pleasure-seekers and holiday-rovers of our city are Germans, and they are none the less hard workers and good citizens. They are right, and the Americans are wrong. This country enjoyment is wholesome to body and mind too: it not only, by purifying the taste, deters from gross immorality, but it gives that wholesome tone to the animal spirits which is essential to sustain the fatigues of physical and mental labor. We cry out a great deal about the want of public gardens and parks, and yet we do not avail ourselves of those that Nature has so generously spread out within our immediate reach.

## THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

*(From our own Correspondent.)*

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I told you in my last we were full of excitement, preparing to ascend Mount Washington, and do our duty by that rugged and majestic presence. Every fine day parties are formed to go up; the greater number proceed on horseback, but the hardy depend on their own feet, and so likewise do the small boys, who always persist in ascending, much against the wishes of their anxious parents. They think it manly, however, and carry their point. The fair sex behaves differently, is not so anxious to expose itself, and often requires a good deal of coaxing before it will suffer itself to be moved.

Well, it certainly does require more courage to go up that mountain than you gentlemen can realize. In the first place, *you* are not disfigured and disguised by the necessary costume as we are. *Your* dress is always hideous, therefore any unbecoming additions to it are of very little consequence. But with us it is quite different; and many a bold spirit who had resolved nothing should prevent her accomplishing the feat, has been induced to assume cowardice, and pretend at the last she could not possibly venture.

The piazza after breakfast is the chief scene of excitement. Some eagerly ascertaining "who is going up this morning;" others gathering recruits for the expedition; some preparing themselves for it; and others, again, recounting their own trials, and stimulating or dismaying the rest, as the case may be. Voices rise on all sides, every body talking louder than every body else.

LADY OF EXPERIENCE. "Then, you know, after passing those dreadful rocks, you come to where the slabs of granite stand almost upright before you, and you wonder how on earth your horse is ever to get up! And I felt my nerves all of a tremble! My hand shook so, I thought I *never* should keep my seat; and then—"

EAGER YOUNG GENTLEMAN. "Come along, girls, come. You're all of you going up the mountain, ain't you? No time to lose. Get on your things!"

ENERGETIC FATHER. "Come, Mrs. ——! The horses are almost ready. It's a lovely day. We shall have a splendid time!"

YOUNG GIRL (*whose complexion is yet perfect, and consequently not a source of care and anxiety to its owner*). "Oh, dear me! Yes, let's be quick! I must borrow a jacket. Will you lend me your blanket shawl? And, ma, may I have your cloth cape?"

BEAUTIFUL BUT NERVOUS YOUNG LADY (*whose bloom is no longer in its first freshness, but requires considerable management*). "Oh! I don't think I can go! I don't feel like it!"

ALL HER RELATIONS. "Oh, nonsense! You must come, now. What do you come here at all for if you don't go up the mountain?"

ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG LADY. "Oh, do, some one, tie on my hat! And has any body a big pin to spare?"

MRS. EXPERIENCE. "That's right, my dear! Take care of your hat, or you won't see it after to-day! and you'd better fix your vail well on; the wind and the sun together will make a pretty object of you, as it is; you'll be all burned brown enough, I expect!"

BEAUTIFUL BUT NERVOUS YOUNG LADY. "Well, now, I do think that really settles the question! I'd rather not go, thank you. Oh! no, indeed, I'd much rather stay! I shouldn't enjoy it, really, for I don't feel very well! You can tell me all about it, you know, when you come back!"

For the lily cheeks thus prudently preserved to us, may we all, this season, be truly thankful! And if the young lady's eye should prove minus the enthusiastic light which the romance of mountain scenery has imparted to her sisters', let us remember a creamy complexion is not to be maintained for nothing; some little sacrifices are necessarily demanded by such high aims.

But, good heavens, what objects we *do* look! Perhaps the fair damsel is right after all! What becomes of our city toilets, our *récherché* coiffure at this time of stern reality? I should like to know if any woman who has been here and ascended the mountain, would voluntarily have come, had she foreseen the figure she was going to look on that day! In the first place, we are compelled to wear hats, bonnets, or something that *will* shade us, which is alone an infringement on the modes of the day enough to upset any body. The fashionable hat or Bloomer of the period, in which we are in the habit of going about, *à la* Swiss maiden, and looking as killing as possible, is of no use whatever in these districts; for the wind takes it and carries hat and wearer off together. So we are obliged to borrow what we don't possess (very often it is a masculine-looking wide-awake), and then we tie what we borrow firmly on our heads by means of handkerchiefs. We also put on shawls, palétots, jackets, cloaks, sometimes coats, any thing, in short, that will shelter us from the blast, and not fly away. Then, resigning our hoops, we mount the poor horses whose destiny it is to be forever climbing Mount Washington, and the gentlemen follow us, more or less awkward. The very ugliest and queerest old market-woman looks a more interesting object than we do. Our friends stand around, waving us a tender adieu, and away we defile down the road, across the bridge, up the hill, and through the woods, looking like the Canterbury Pilgrims on their palfreys, and very romantic and pleasant we all feel so far. We sing, and shout, and call to those behind to come on and join us; we discuss the merits of our steeds, and are altogether very merry. But then, you see, the hard work has not come yet.

Now you recollect how much we have heard and read of that wonderful new road, which was to take us, carriages and all, up to the very summit of Mount Washington? Don't you recall sundry puffs to the effect that it was very near completion, would be completed this spring, and that the pathway being thus smoothed for us, strewn almost with roses, no person of common-sense and common love for the picturesque, could fail to take advantage of it, and enjoy the fine drive up the mountain, with the splendid view from its summit? Will you believe me, this attractive and beautiful carriage-way is positively a fable, a myth, a vision of shareholders, a dream of the lazy—in plain English, a humbug? The facts were, I hear, that the company (there *was* a company) spent $50,000 in three or four miles of well-graded road, commencing near the Glen House, but this much road, as you know, can be but a mere preface to what ought to follow. After that, either they had no more money to go on with, or perhaps they found the winter storms too much for them, washing away in a night the labor of months. This portion of road yet remains, a stern memorial of an unfinished enterprise, and a most fearful warning to pedestrians; but unless the gnomes of the hills undertake the business, I suspect we mortals have not much chance of ever being *driven* to the mountain-top.

Ascending from the Crawford side, you go over some miles of corduroy road, more or less out of repair, through beautiful woods and over the brow of the adjoining hills. But, speaking femininely, the Glen side is the better of the two. It is not only shorter and more accessible, but for us women it has the great advantage, that our complexions do not get half so much damaged as by the Crawford road—simply because by the latter you have the sun staring you in the face, both going and returning, while on the Glen side you do not face it either way. Those, therefore, who regard with consideration the bridge of their nose (and with some of us it is a bridge of *size*, and ought to be respected), had better follow my advice, and ascend from the Glen.

Every body knows what it is to go up a mountain, and what it is to come down again, so there is no need to descant upon our perils, or the courage that overcame them. Some delicate creatures faint with fright, but yet nobly proceed; others fear they *may* be frightened, and discreetly turn back; but generally we confide ourselves to the honest guides, and make our way up bravely. Once arrived, the Tip Top House entertains you with an excellent meal, which the middle-aged people combine with the contents of certain small flasks they have prudently conveyed in their pockets. (What *has* brandy to do with the top of Mount Washington? "It settles the nerves," one lady said.) This same lofty establishment will also furnish you with a lodging, if you wish to remain at the top and see the sun rise. Most of us seemed to have a prejudice against that luminary at unusual hours, and declined the expensive hospitality. The solid food we have devoured gives us strength to return, and we commence the descent in high spirits, every one eager to be first in reporting the events of the day to the expectants at the hotel. Those who have walked up and down are made much of, and become the heroes of the evening. The fast young ladies, with their customary powers of endurance, dance until midnight, as if they had not stirred a muscle during the day; and the beauties who have so cautiously abstained from the expedition never cease congratulating themselves on their own prudence, while the drawing-room shows them such dreadfully-bronzed visages. One doesn't like to be burned black as a gipsy, you know. Either way, we think we have done right, and feel serene in consequence.

But the condition of your spinal column on the following morning indicates forcibly you have seen active service, while the gentlemen who have used their own limbs in the ascent, go about comparing sensations with each other, and drawing anatomical lines down their legs, demonstrative of "where they feel it." Of course it is very delightful, but we don't intend to do it again. I myself am still feeble from my exertions; therefore, my dear Sir, once more adieu. Yours, ever.

## THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

### HOW THE DEVIL TOOK ME.

I WAS sitting in my room, dressed in the most gossamer attire that the combined ingenuity of manufacturer and tailor could fabricate. If I could have got Arachne at that moment to weave me a suit, I think I would have worn it. The thermometer was so high that it did not know itself where it had gotten to. The atmosphere was breathless; the dim light that penetrated into the room through the closed blinds seemed only heat in disguise. I was sitting, as I have said, on the most ventilatory chair in the room, with my feet in iced-water, sipping a gigantic sherry-cobbler, and reading a book of travels to the North Pole.

A knock came to my door. I was indignant at the moment. It was no time to be disturbed, even by a friend, and to be heated by a dun was not to be endured.

I cried, surlily, "Come in

Enter a little boy with a smudgy face, a curly head, and bright, intelligent, blue eyes. It was the devil.

"Sir," said he, "Mr. Glen wants the copy of the Man about Town."

"Boy," I replied, loftily, "observe me. Behold the arrangements which I have been at the trouble to make. This iced-water, this refreshing drink, this book of chill adventure. Then be so good as to regard that thermometer."

The devil inspected me curiously, and then turned his eyes on the scientific instrument in question.

"Now," I continued, "boy, do you consider it just that I should disturb those arrangements, indispensable to my present comfort, merely to gratify the literary cravings of some seventy thousand persons?"

"But Mr. Glen says he's making up the paper, Sir, and they're waiting for your article."

"I wish an answer to my question. Do you think that because seventy thousand readers are expecting my article in next number of *Harper's Weekly* that I am bound in any way to consider their comfort above my own?"

"But perhaps they're not waiting for your article, Sir."

I never had thought of that. It was just barely possible that a considerable portion of the readers of the *Weekly* did not care sixpence whether I wrote the Man about Town or not. I determined instantly to write.

"Boy," said I, "what shall I write about?"

"There's a new piece at the Bowery," suggested the devil, after a moment's pause.

"Not in our line," I remarked.

"Have you gone to see the Burdell baby, Sir—because there's crowds of—"

"I have not visited that infant swindle, boy; nor do I intend to. Let me see—what shall I write about?"

As I thus mused, my eye fell upon the footbath in which my feet were resting, while around them lazy lumps of ice bobbed and wabbled with refreshing coolness.

"I have it!" I cried, bringing my hand down on the table with a sudden crash.

"What? a muskeeter?" cried the devil, eagerly jumping from the chair on which he was seated.

"No—a subject. I'll write about

### "BATHS."

There are some fine chapters in the Roman histories and in books of Roman travel about the grand baths which those wonderful old scoundrels, the Emperors, used to build. The baths of Caracalla and Vespasian must have been fine places for a dive. What a fine scene it must have been, the grave old ancients taking off their togas, and going in with "a header!" Fancy Cicero diving for a *sesterce*, or Livy being ducked by a friend; because it is not impossible that many reputable personages of the time frequented those public baths.

I think I see the little Roman boys crouching on the edges of the great marble tank, laughing, and spattering each other, and tumbling off into the water with wild screams. I think I see some portly old gentleman with a bald head—a member of the equestrian order, it may be—floating calmly in the water with that annoying ease with which fat men can float. I think I see the youth who has not yet assumed the virile robe taking his first lessons in natation, taught, perhaps, by some hard-featured, faithful old slave of his father's. I hear him puffing and panting, and I see him go under and rise again with suffused cheeks and sputtering lips.

Bad as those old Emperors were, they gave the people an opportunity of cleaning themselves; and for that, I think, many of their sins will be forgiven them.

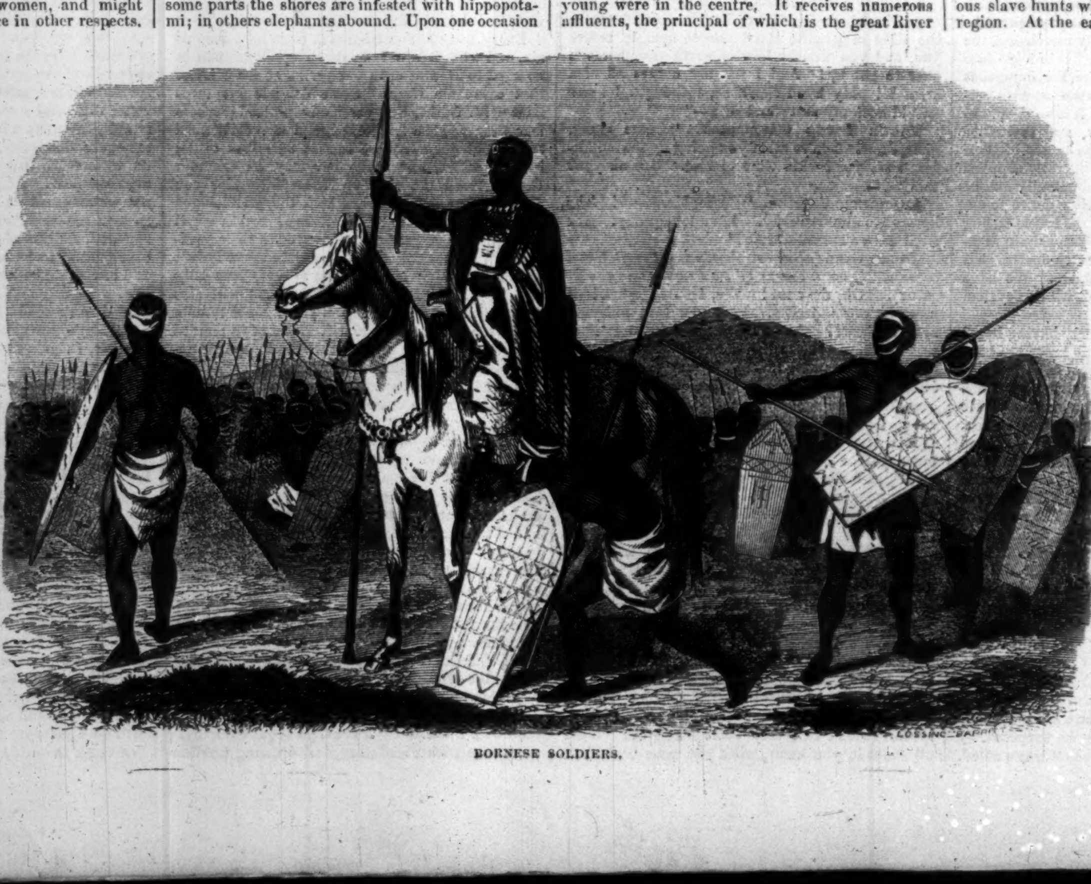
Why is it that we moderns do not get up public baths? We are as rich as the ancients, and something to spare. Our masses are as dirty as ever the Romans were, and still something to spare, and yet a public bath is never proposed either by our active municipal governors, or by any of those private individuals who bequeath fortunes for philanthropic purposes. There are a few miserable private baths floating round the shores of this island, but they are small, badly kept, and inconvenient. The admission fee likewise places them beyond the reach of a good many persons. It would be an insult to the community if I were to parade an argument in favor of cleanliness. The proposition is self-evident. Let us, therefore, for once condescend to be taught by the past. There is no city in the world so well adapted for the erection of public baths as this, surrounded as it is by the sea. Let us erect a grand swimming-palace, so fine that it will be a pleasure to the dirty man to make himself clean in such a place.

# BARTH'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA.—(Second Paper.)

[Travels in North and Central Africa. By Henry Barth. 3 Vols. Richly Illustrated. Harper and Brothers.]

SHORES OF LAKE TSAD.

ELEPHANTS NEAR LAKE TSAD.



BORNESE SOLDIERS.

Barth reached Kukawa, the capital of Bornu, on the 2d of April, 1852, more than a year after his departure from Tripoli. This place had been appointed as the rendezvous of the members of the expedition, who had taken different routes upon their entrance into Negroland. The Sheik had been apprised of their coming, and had provided comfortable quarters for their reception. The death of Mr. Richardson, and the loss of the greater portion of their property, greatly embarrassed the survivors; for all his effects had fallen into the hands of the Vizier, and his servants were clamorous for their pay. Barth had nothing but promises to give them; of these he was liberal.

He fared better than he could reasonably have anticipated. He not only induced the Vizier to give up the effects of Mr. Richardson, but actually succeeded in borrowing a hundred dollars' worth of cowries, which enabled him to pay the most pressing demands against him, and to live for a while in tolerable comfort. Mr. Overweg shortly after joined him, when they dug a well in their court-yard, whitewashed their house, and did their best to fight the abounding fleas, ants, and bed-bugs. To keep off the fleas the natives daub their walls with fresh cow-dung; of bed-bugs they make little account, rather liking them, in fact, on account of their peculiar odor, which they esteem pleasant and aromatic.

The Empire of Bornu was formerly the most powerful state of Negroland, comprising the whole country around Lake Tsad. It has now fallen into decay; its limits are sorely contracted, and its frontiers are devastated by the surrounding tribes. Toward the north are the dominions of the Turks, which, though weak and trembling at its centre, is grasping with its outer extremities. On the northwest are the Berbers of the desert, ready to pounce upon any prey that comes to hand. To the west is the Fellata Empire, made up of provinces loosely connected, but pushing their conquests in every direction. Eastward is the pagan state of Waday, just rising into power, and not unlikely, should its heterogeneous elements become consolidated under a strong ruler, to become paramount in this region.

Omar, the Sheik of Bornu, was a good-natured, feeble prince, at feud with his brothers, and leaving affairs wholly in the hands of his Vizier, Haj Beshir, a shrewd, scheming, intelligent old fellow, whose ruling passion was to include in his harem specimens of all the beauty of Negroland. He had three or four hundred of these; and when he died, a couple of years later, he left behind him seventy-three living sons, besides probably as many daughters, of whom no account was taken. In his way he was a strictly pious man, and was terribly shocked at learning that Europeans would now and then get drunk. Barth hinted, by way of excuse, that they practiced self-denial in the matter of women, and might therefore claim some indulgence in other respects. The Vizier was not unwilling to enter into a treaty with the English, but insisted that they should not be allowed to sell rum or Bibles in Bornu.

It costs little to live in Kukawa. A dollar will buy three ox-loads of grain, a couple of fat sheep, or a good ox. A cow costs two dollars; a tolerable horse six or eight; a camel from eight to twenty. Marketing, however, involves quite a complicated series of transactions. The country people want shirts for their grain, and refuse both dollars and shells. The stranger must, therefore, first buy shells with his money, then he must exchange his shells for a shirt, and the shirt for grain. Indeed, a man with a shirt on his back, no matter how much soiled or worn, is here always safe from immediate starvation.

Barth's head-quarters were at Kukawa for more than 18 months, though a great part of this time was occupied with exploring tours in various directions, which we shall briefly notice in their order.

The exploration of Lake Tsad was one of the leading objects of the expedition. This was found to be an immense fresh-water lagoon, with swampy shores overflowed to a greater or less extent, according to the height of the water. In 1851 Barth rode for ten miles over a level plain, covered with grass and alive with antelopes, and affording magnificent pasturage, before he came to the water. Three years later, he found the whole of this expanse overflowed to a considerable depth. In some parts the shores are infested with hippopotami; in others elephants abound. Upon one occasion Barth counted a herd of ninety-six of these animals marching in procession, the large males occupying the van and rear, while the females and young were in the centre. It receives numerous affluents, the principal of which is the great River Shari, but has no outlet. Mr. Overweg sailed over it, in the boat which had been brought all the way across the desert. Even in the open water its depth was only from ten to fifteen feet. The centre is filled with numerous small islands, some of them mere sandy downs, and others fertile and cultivated, separated by narrow, intricate channels. These islands are inhabited by the Biddumi, an independent pagan tribe, who make constant predatory incursions against the dwellers of the shore.

A couple of months after Barth's arrival at Kukawa, an embassy came from Adamawa, complaining that the Bornese had made an incursion into the Marghi country, and carried away as slaves the inhabitants of certain places to which the Governor of Adamawa laid claim. Omar resolved to send an embassy in return, and Barth took advantage of their escort to visit Adamawa. This country lies to the south of Bornu, and is a recent conquest of the Fellatas. The way led through a mountainous country, where the aboriginal pagan tribes still maintain their ground against the Bornese and Fellata invaders, who make continual razzias upon them for the purpose of procuring slaves. Barth's escort were with difficulty prevented from capturing the natives when opportunity served; and were themselves not free from apprehensions of attack from them. At a village where they made a short delay, Barth became an object of special attention. One of the natives, who had embraced Islamism, was most desirous of securing his blessing, while his pagan neighbors persisted in identifying the traveler with their god Fête, come to sojourn with them for a space. A girl took a more practical view of the matter, and proposed that he should take her as his wife. She was about fifteen years old; but according to African ideas was already an old maid. Barth very politely assured her that nothing would have pleased him better than to have accepted her offer if he purposed to reside in the country; but as he was merely a sojourner, he must be excused.

On the 18th of June, twenty days after leaving Kukawa, they reached a great river, eight hundred yards broad, and eleven feet deep, flowing westward three and a half miles an hour. This was the Benuwe, "the Mother of Waters," the great eastern branch of the Niger. In a geographical point of view this was a discovery of the highest importance. Lander and Clapperton had before reached this river, but had supposed it to be a tributary of Lake Tsad. Barth, by disproving this idea, and showing that it emptied into the ocean, demonstrated that a practicable way by water lay into the very heart of Central Africa. It was, he says, one of the happiest moments of his life. In imagination he saw commerce and civilization advancing along this broad highway, penetrating the heart of Africa, and putting an end to the barbarous slave hunts which are the bane of this fertile region. At the earliest possible moment he sent back to England tidings of his great discovery, and a steam-boat expedition was at once fitted out, which succeeded in ascending the river almost to the point where he now stood.

Two days later, Barth, in high spirits, reached Yola, the capital of Adamawa. The information which he had laboriously collected convinced him that this was the garden of Africa, and he indulged the hope of being its first European explorer. He presented to Mohammed Lowel, the Governor, a letter from the Sheik of Bornu, in which he was described as a learned and pious Christian, who was wandering about to admire the works of Almighty God, and had therefore come to Adamawa, of which he had heard so much. This letter was well received. But the scene was changed when the dispatches of Sheik Omar were read. These contained a claim upon some of the territory which Mohammed considered his own. The Governor was furious. What did the Sheik mean by making such pretensions? If he wanted war, well and good. As for the Christian traveler, his reasons for visiting the country were all a pretext; he should return forthwith by the way he came. The wrath of the Governor cooled after a day or two; but he adhered to his determination to expel the traveler, though he assigned quite another reason. He was but a slave of the great

Sultan of Sokoto, and dared not receive a visit from Barth, who was a much greater man than himself; if he would go to Sokoto, and return with a letter from the Sultan, he should be received with open arms, and might visit the whole country; but now he must not stay.

The Governor was unmoved by Barth's reasonings and remonstrances, and the traveler with a heavy heart was forced to return to Kukawa.

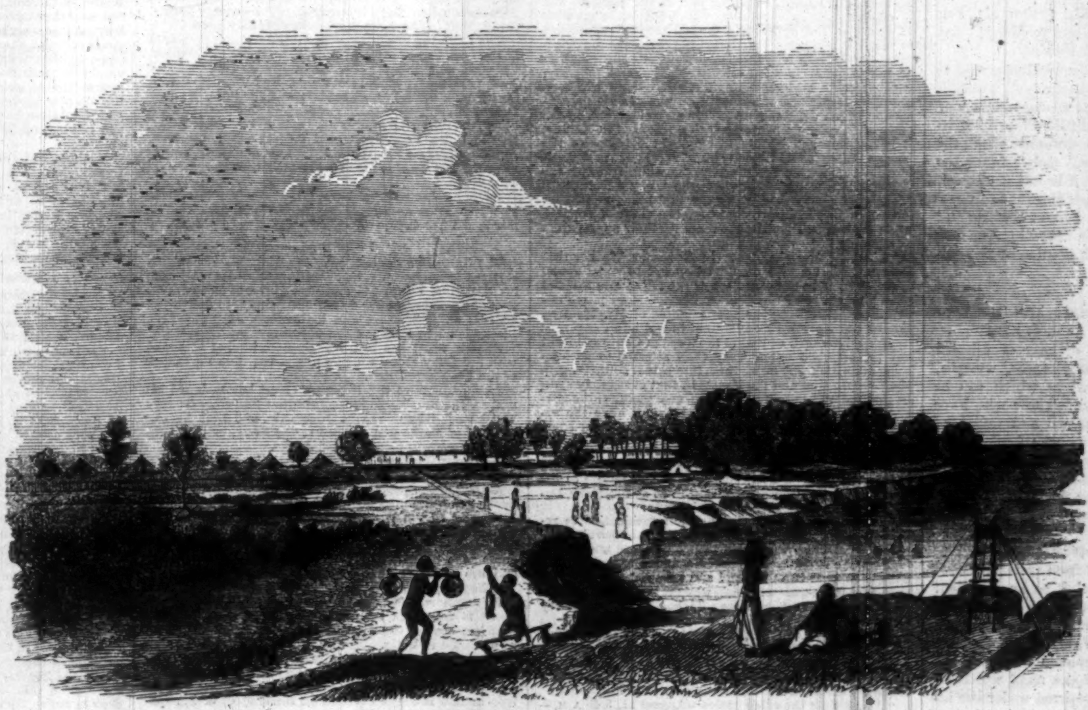
Not long after he learned that Sheik Omar was about to send a hostile expedition into Waday. He had entered into an alliance with the Welad Sliman, a small band of predatory Arabs, in virtue of which he was to furnish them with arms and horses, receiving in return a portion of the booty which they should capture. Barth and Overweg received permission to accompany this band. This expedition, which took them to the north and east of the lake, occupied two months. The marauders met with little success. Encountering unexpected resistance, they made a tumultuous retreat.

Soon after it was announced that the Sheik was about to undertake an expedition, the object and direction of which were kept a profound secret. The truth was, his coffers and slave-rooms were empty, and must be replenished. An army of 20,000 men, half of whom were horsemen, was collected. It was to be a slave hunt on a large scale.

THE SLAVE HUNT.

Barth, despite some misgivings, accompanied the Sheik. One bright Sunday morning he first saw the horrors of a slave hunt. After marching for miles through a dense forest, they came upon a pleasant village. Groups of huts, shaded by fine trees, were surrounded by well-cultivated fields, through which wound paths bordered by thick hedgerows. The pastoral quiet of the scene was rudely broken. The Bornese horsemen were seen chasing the poor villagers along the shady paths. Here one was dragged from his hiding-place; there another, who had crept into the thick covert of a hedge, was a mark for bullets and arrows; close by a body of troops were keeping watch over the cattle which they had seized.

It was a sickening sight; but its full horror was not reached till night, when the various bands brought into camp the captives they had taken. There were a thousand of them—men, women, and children. Of the men, one hundred and seventy—almost the whole number—were slaughtered on the spot: a leg was rudely hacked off, and they were suffered to bleed to death. They were all tall, wild-looking fellows, with high, straight foreheads, thick lips, broad nostrils, and coarse bushy hair; physically they were much superior to the Bornese, and by no means deficient in courage; but living in isolated villages, and inferior in arms, they could offer no effective opposition to the hordes of their invaders. Their only recourse is to take refuge in forests and swamps where the enemy can not follow them. Almost all the men succeeded in making good their escape, leaving only old women and young children to the mercy of the captors, who vented their wrath by burning all the villages in their way. The loss of the slight huts would have been of little consequence to the poor Marghi, for they could be easily rebuilt; but the granaries, in which the products of the harvest were stored up, were likewise destroyed, and the people were undoubtedly exposed to all the miseries of famine. The Vizier regretted that the famine would not be absolute, on account of the abundant supply of fish with which the frequent river-courses abounded.



SCENERY OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

This raid occupied about three months, and the expedition returned slowly to the capital, with 10,000 cattle and 3000 slaves. Of these the greater portion were old women and young children. Not more than 300 men were taken, and of these almost all were remorselessly slaughtered by their cowardly captors.

This foray was made into the region of the head-waters of the Shari on the one hand, and of the Benuwe on the other. Here, according to the old geographers, are the majestic Mountains of the Moon, whose snow-capped summits support the heavens, and form an insurmountable barrier between Central and Western Africa. But instead of lofty mountains he found broad, fertile plains, intersected by innumerable water-courses, with only here and there isolated hills. The Mountains of the Moon are a myth. The Niger is to Africa what the Mississippi is to America, giving easy access to central regions of untold fertility, which must some day become the abodes of civilized man.

The funds of the expedition were now at their lowest ebb. Their credit was exhausted, and Barth began seriously to meditate upon the necessity of an immediate return. Before doing so, he determined upon a journey toward Bagirmi, a province lying along the lower course of the Shari, the Sultan of which is nominally a dependent of the Sheik of Bornu.

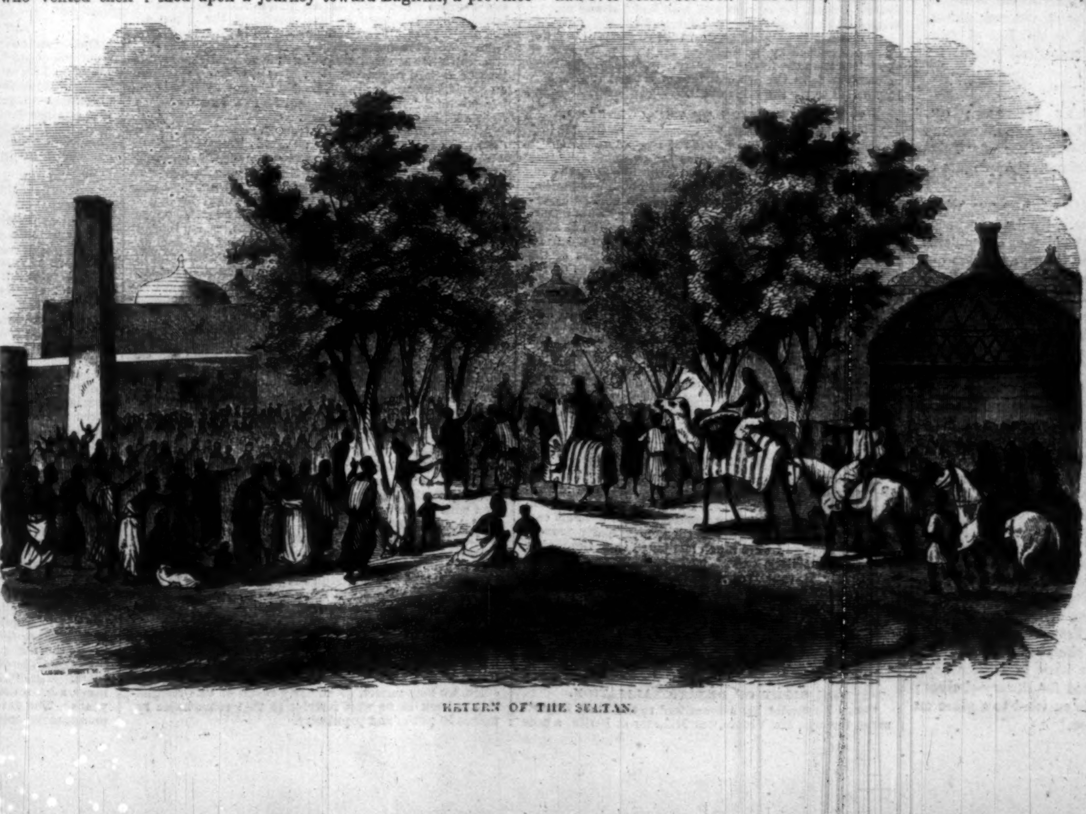
He set out on the 4th of March, accompanied by two lads, with a horse and camel as the sole means of conveying himself, his baggage, and equipments. In a fortnight he reached the banks of the Shari, traversing a country where no European had ever before set foot. The Shari, which forms the western boundary of Bagirmi, was here fully six hundred yards broad, but shallow and running with a slow current. He had no sooner crossed the river than difficulties began to press upon him. The Sultan was absent on a warlike expedition, and his lieutenant had heard that Barth was somehow a dangerous character, and ordered him to await the decision of the Sultan. A whole month had been wasted in fruitless negotiations, when Barth determined to retrace his steps. But the Governor, equally fearful of his advance and return, seized him, and put him in irons. The irons were taken off in a few days, but he was carried a prisoner to Massena, the capital, where he was destined to pass more than three weary months.

His chief solace was the company of a tall, blind, old Fellata, named Faki Sambo, who had been educated in Egypt, and was not only versed in all the branches of Oriental learning, but had read such portions of Plato and Aristotle as had been translated into Arabic. Over a dish of rice-pudding, dates, and coffee they would converse of the affairs of Negroland and Christendom, or recall the glories of the Khalifate, when the Moslem ruled in Bagdad and Spain. Faki's one weakness was a singular fondness for emetics, and Barth was obliged to administer them to him by the dozen, besides supplying all his family.

The lieutenant of the Sultan was evidently greatly puzzled what to make of Barth. At one time he sent to know if he had not brought any cannon with him; and when reminded that a camel and a horse were hardly adapted for the transportation of articles so heavy, desired him to manufacture a field-piece or two. At another time he sent a message inquiring if it were true, as was currently reported, that he made the thunder-clouds pass by without letting fall a single drop of rain. Barth denied the possession of such power; adding that if the Governor thought he was doing any such mischief, it was easy to send him away, when he would pray night and day for rain. The functionary replied that they were then praying for rain, and Barth might add his supplications to theirs; but hinted that if he was ill-disposed it would be the worse for him, adding that they had just put two men to death on suspicion.

Barth was all this time specially "hard up." His whole effects consisted of a few cheap looking-glasses and a quantity of needles. These last were his main stay; luckily they were in good demand, and at high prices—two of them being sufficient to pay for a fowl, and other things in proportion. They were also very acceptable presents to his friends, and his liberality procured for him the complimentary title of the "Prince of Needles."

The Sultan at length returned, and made a pompous entry into his capital, accompanied by forty of the favorite inmates of his harem, who had been selected to solace him during his expedition. He professed to be greatly displeased with the treatment to which Barth had been subjected, and sent him some presents. Among these was a beautiful female slave, which was not accepted. Two days later an express arrived from Kukawa with welcome news. A caravan had arrived from Fezzan with messages and supplies for the explorers. The British Government were fully satisfied with Barth's proceedings, and authorized him to continue his researches, placing sufficient means at his disposal. This 6th of July Barth estimates as one of the happiest days of his life.



RETURN OF THE SULTAN.

Late in August he returned to Kukawa, having been absent five and a half months. He found Mr. Overweg seriously ill. He grew worse daily, until the morning of September 27, when he died, at the village of Maduwari, on the shore of Lake Tsad. He was buried that afternoon, under a tree close by the lake. Hard by lay moored the boat, brought across the desert, in which he had sailed over the lake.

Barth was now the sole white man in Central Africa. He had proposed to make another journey near Lake Tsad. "But," he writes, "any longer stay in the place had now become so intolerable to me, that I determined to set out as soon as possible on my journey toward the Niger—to new countries and new people."

Thus closes that portion of his travels already published. A succeeding volume will give the narrative of his journey to Timbuctoo, and his long detention in that city.

## LITERARY.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for August, 1857. Edinburgh: W. P. Kennedy.

The August number of the *North British* is received. It is probably known to most of our readers that the quarterly number for May did not appear: the reason for this, which in the present number is explained as arising from "circumstances connected with the management," was, in fact, the rationalistic and infidel tendency which the Review had acquired, and which at length became so manifest that all of the original supporters abandoned it to its fate.

The Review was established in 1844, and although not nominally, it was in fact, under the auspices of the Free Church of Scotland. Great things were expected, and not without reason, from the scholarship and eloquence of that noble Church, whose hegira from the bonds of the Establishment had been lately and gloriously accomplished. The result justified these expectations. No one of the Quarterlies has surpassed it in ability; indeed we are safe in saying that none of them have equaled it during the first twelve years of its existence. Many of the articles, especially those of Sir David Brewster, have already become classical.

In what manner it fell into the hands which have lately controlled it to its ruin, is unknown, and has been a matter of astonishment to its readers.

It reappears now under its former colors. This number is published with the original prospectus of 1844, to which the publisher declares his intention to adhere.

The contents are decidedly different from the numbers immediately preceding the suspension. The principal religious article, on the Inspiration of Holy Scripture, appears to be sufficiently orthodox to satisfy the most rigid Scotchman. We hail the reappearance of the Review, under its present management, with the most cordial and confident hope that it will reassume its former prominent position in the foremost rank of the Defenders of the Faith.

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WHITE LIES, *by Charles Reade*, author of "Peg Woffington," "Never too late to Mend," &c. Part I. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

It is unnecessary to do more than call attention to this first part of Mr. Reade's new novel, which is likely to prove one of the most readable issues of the press. For disregard of all rules of novel-writing, and yet the most complete dramatic effect, the author of "Christie Johnstone," and "Never too late to Mend," has no superior, if he has any equal.

The same House continue their elegant edition of the Waverley Novels by THE BLACK DWARF and THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE, in two volumes. Our readers know already our high opinion of this edition.

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LEAF AND FLOWER PICTURES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

Very few persons understand or have ever heard of the exquisite beauty of the pictures, wreaths, bouquets, and ornamental designs which can be made from flowers and leaves. Those who have attempted it have been surprised and delighted with their success. We have seen books ornamented in this manner, and very elegant bouquets in frames and cases for walls or parlor tables, all formed by drying and pressing the leaves and petals of brilliant flowers and putting them into proper form.

This book is the first we have seen which gives instructions in this work, and from personal experience we are able to commend it as an excellent teacher. It opens to the young, and particularly to young ladies, whose delicate fingers work most gracefully, a new field of delightful employment. The blossoms of the most common weeds by the road-side, the green leaves of the most worthless plants, when gathered and prepared under the instructions here given, become the colors and tints with which to lay on a page a picture not only of great beauty and brilliancy, but of permanent and lasting character. Violets can be made to last a lifetime, and the little blue forget-me-not affords a color that never fades. The volume is small, but enriched with a number of colored plates, showing the author's success in this line of ornamental work, and affording excellent guides for learners.

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THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN HISTORY; OR, SKETCHES OF HISTORY, LIFE, AND MANNERS IN THE WEST, *by James Hall*, author of "Tales of the Border," etc. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.

Books like this are valuable to a future age, while they are very readable in this. Contemporaneous history is seldom reliable, but volumes of incident, illustrating the history of the times, are those out of which future and impartial generations will collect the material to write the true estimate of this age and its men. The author has made a very interesting collection of Western material, some of which, indeed, is of so early a period that it is, in fact, history, but most of it of those stirring and thrilling times which the Great West has gone through, and which parts of it are now going through in the passage from barbarism to civilization. No country possesses more of what he well styles "The Romance of History" than the Mississippi Valley, and enough of it is here preserved to make the book very interesting.

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SAM SLICK THE CLOCK-MAKER, *by Judge Haliburton*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

An edition of an old favorite with all lovers of fun which will commend him to a second or a new reading; for no one will tire of the keen wit, the excellent caricaturing, and the admirable truthfulness of the Judge's various sketches. The edition is in the style of Peterson's issue of Dickens and other authors, and well fitted for library-shelves; for we suppose Sam Slick is entitled to a place on the library-shelf by this time.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### POLITICAL.

#### THE PRESIDENT ON KANSAS.

FORTY-THREE gentlemen and clergymen of Connecticut having addressed a memorial to the President, praying him to restrain the United States troops from enforcing the Territorial laws of Kansas, that Magistrate replied at length, explaining the attitude of the Administration and the bearings of the Kansas question. In the course of his reply, he said:

#### SLAVERY EXISTS IN THE TERRITORIES UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

"The Congress of the United States had most wisely declared it to be 'the true intent and meaning of the act organizing the Territory, not to legislate slavery into any territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.' As a natural consequence, Congress has also prescribed by the same act that when the Territory of Kansas shall be admitted as a State, it 'shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission.'

"Slavery existed at that period, and still exists in Kansas, under the Constitution of the United States. This point has at last been finally settled by the highest tribunal known to our laws. How it could ever have been seriously doubted is a mystery. If a confederation of sovereign States acquire a new Territory at the expense of their common blood and treasure, surely one set of the partners can have no right to exclude the other from its enjoyment, by prohibiting them from taking into it whatever is recognized to be property by the common Constitution. But when the people—the *bona fide* residents of such Territory—proceed to frame a State Constitution, then it is their right to decide the important question for themselves whether they will continue, modify, or abolish slavery. To them, and to them alone, does this question belong, free from all foreign interference.

#### WHAT THE ADMINISTRATION INTENDS TO DO.

"In the opinion of the Territorial Legislature of Kansas the time had arrived for entering the Union, and they accordingly passed a law to elect delegates for the purpose of framing a State constitution. This law was fair and just in its provisions. It conferred the right of suffrage on every *bona fide* inhabitant of the Territory; and for the purpose of preventing fraud and the intrusion of citizens of near or distant States, most properly confined this right to those who had resided therein three months previous to the election. Here a fair opportunity was presented for all the qualified resident citizens of the Territory, to whatever organization they might have previously belonged, to participate in the election, and to express their opinions at the ballot-box on the question of slavery. But numbers of lawless men still continued to resist the regular Territorial government. They refused either to be registered or to vote, and the members of the Convention were elected, legally and properly, without their intervention. The Convention will soon assemble to perform the solemn duty of framing a constitution for themselves and their posterity; and in the state of incipient rebellion which still exists in Kansas, it is my imperative duty to employ the troops of the United States, should this become necessary, in defending the Convention against violence while framing the Constitution, and in protecting the '*bona fide* inhabitants,' qualified to vote under the provisions of this instrument, in the free exercise of the right of suffrage when it shall be submitted to them for their approbation or rejection.

"I have entire confidence in Governor Walker that the troops will not be employed except to resist actual aggression, or in the execution of the laws; and this not until the power of the civil magistrate shall prove unavailing. Following the wise example of Mr. Madison toward the Hartford Convention, illegal and dangerous combinations such as that of the Topeka Convention will not be disturbed unless they shall attempt to perform some act which will bring them into actual collision with the Constitution and the laws. In that event they shall be resisted and put down by the whole power of the government. In performing this duty I shall have the approbation of my own conscience, and, as I humbly trust, of my God."

#### REPORT FROM THE TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION.

Captain Hudson's official report of the failure of the telegraph expedition has been received at the Navy Department. Among other things he says:

"I have the honor as well as the mortification to report the arrival of the *Niagara* at this port" (Plymouth), "after having run out three hundred and thirty-four miles of the telegraphic cable, some portions of it in a depth of over two thousand and fifty fathoms, or more than two and a quarter miles, when it was broken by too much pressure on the brake attached to the machinery for paying it out. I have every reason to believe, from what we have thus far experienced in wire-laying, that, under ordinary circumstances of weather, and machinery adapted to the purpose—for such as we have on board requires altering and improving—the cable may be laid in safety on the track marked out over the Atlantic ocean.

"At the time the cable parted—August 11, 3.45 A.M.—the ship was going along four knots, and had been running at the rate of from three to four knots through the night, with some motion from a moderate head sea, and the Company's chief engineer and men attending their brakes to lessen the expenditure of cable, until they finally carried it away, which made all hands of us through the day like a household or family which had lost their dearest friend, for officers and men had become deeply interested in the success of the enterprise."

An opinion is gaining ground that the rupture of the cable was caused by the under-current, which dragged it out faster than the force of gravity. Should this opinion be confirmed, in the present state of science it would be impossible to lay the cable at all.

#### THE EXPLORATION OF THE COLORADO.

Lieutenant Ives has left for California, as the head of an expedition that is to explore the Rio Colorado. Great results for science and commerce are expected from the expedition. The Colorado is the largest river, save one, of any west of the Rocky Mountains. The lower portion of the valley at points where it has been crossed by exploring parties has been found to possess a soil of unsurpassed richness, and the region through which it flows is believed to possess mineral resources of the most valuable kinds. Trappers tell extravagant stories of the sublimity of the scenery on the higher portions of the valley, and of the gigantic cañons or gorges through which the river passes. The new Territory of Arizona, which borders the lower portion, is being fast filled up by emigrants. From Salt Lake, too, the Mormons are pushing their settlements toward this valley, and are now within thirty-five miles of its most western bend. It is thought possible that Lieutenant Ives may find the river navigable for his small steamer as high up as the thirty-seventh parallel of latitude, which will bring him to a point at no great distance from the Salt Lake region, and solve the problem of a short and direct water communication between that territory and the Pacific Ocean.

#### CAMELS ON THE PRAIRIES.

An interesting report has been received by the War Department from Mr. Beale, Superintendent of the wagon road expedition from Fort Defiance. The camel experiment is pronounced successful. These animals carried seven hundred pounds burden, principally provender for mules, and were much less jaded than the mules. They eat but little except bushes, preferring them to grass. Mr. B. conceives it easier to manage a train of twenty camels than one of five mules. Their temper, tractability, capacity for bearing burdens, and going without water, while they live on food upon which other animals would starve, render them valuable for transportation on the prairies. Every unshod animal reached El Paso lame but the camels, not one of which exhibited even fatigue.

#### THE RIGHT OF DENATIONALIZATION.

Count Montgelat has transmitted to the State Department, through Mr. Vroom, our Minister at Berlin, a note asking an explanation of the opinion given by Attorney-General Cushing in October last on the right of an American citizen to expatriate himself. The specified case is that of Julius Amthor, a native of Bavaria, who came to this country, and after being naturalized returned to Bavaria. His effort to recover his *status* seems to be impeded by a doubt which the authorities entertain on the question whether he can throw off his allegiance to the United States, and, if so, in what manner it can be done. Judge Black says:

"There is no statute of the United States which prevent either a native or naturalized citizen from severing his political connection with the Government, if he sees proper to do so, in time of peace, and for a purpose not directly injurious to the interests of the country. The fact of renunciation is to be established like other facts for which there is no prescribed form of proof, by any evidence which will convince the judgment. An oath of abjuration, as a test of his sincerity, or as a necessary part of his title to the future protection of the Bavarian Government, may be demanded. Whatever satisfies them ought to satisfy us, since in all similar cases we prescribe our own rules for the admission of Bavarian subjects as citizens of the United States."

#### AN OLD DEBT PAID.

The Treasury Department has just paid between two and three hundred thousand dollars to Maryland, as interest on half a million of dollars, which amount the United States became indebted to Maryland during the war of 1812. The principal was discharged between the years 1818 and 1822.

#### ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

The Vermont election came off on 1st instant. The State, of course, was swept by the Republicans. The vote was much lighter than last year, and the Democrats made a slight gain. The Republican governor elect is Ryland Fletcher.

The Americans have elected their tickets in the cities of Washington, D. C., and Wilmington, Delaware.

A. W. Randell has been nominated for Governor by the Republicans of Wisconsin.

Benjamin M. Samuels has been nominated for Governor by the Democrats of Iowa, under the new Constitution.

It is supposed that President Anson Jones will succeed General Houston as United States Senator from Texas.

The rival conventions in Minnesota have at length agreed upon a constitution to be submitted to the people. The Secretary of the Interior has instructed the Marshal of Minnesota to take the census of that Territory whenever he is informed that it is the wish of the people to form a constitution and State government preparatory to admission into the Union.

#### AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

The United States Agricultural Society's Exhibition commenced at Louisville, Kentucky, on 31st ult., and lasted six days. The attendance was large and the experiments exceedingly interesting. The show of horses, cattle, fruit, and machinery was remarkably good.

The following are the awards for the reaping machines at the trial in Syracuse in July last: S. H. M'Cormick, Chicago, gold medal: Walter A. Wood, Hoosic Falls, New York, silver medal; Warden, Brokaw, and Child, Springfield, Ohio, bronze medal; and Jonathan Haines, Pekin, Illinois, diploma. For reapers and mowers combined, the following awards were made: Walter A. Wood, Hoosic Falls, New York, gold medal; D. M. Osborne, Buffalo, silver medal; Warden, Brokaw, and Child, bronze medal. The awards for mowing machines have not yet been made.

There has been a great horse fair at Elmira, New York, at which some admirable beasts were exhibited. The fair lasted five days, and 20,000 persons were present.

#### PERSONAL.

The Executive Committee of the Alabama State Agricultural Society, at a recent meeting, passed a resolution inviting Hon. Edward Everett to be present on the occasion of the approaching fair of the society, to deliver an address on agriculture and his address on "The Life, Character, and Death of Washington."

General Scott has left Washington, having arranged with the Army Board the new orders based on the failure of the Utah expedition.

Judge Curtis of the Supreme Court has resigned his seat on the bench. It is thought that Secretary Toucey will be offered the vacant Judgeship, and that Nathan Clifford of Maine will succeed to the Navy, or that Clifford himself will be appointed Judge.

Governor Walker, of Kansas, was, at last accounts, preparing a defense of his official conduct, to place himself right before the people of Mississippi especially, and the South generally.

General Hiram Walbridge was married to Mrs. Blake on 1st instant at his residence, Ingleside. The President and Messrs. Cass, Cobb, Toucey, and their ladies, were among the brilliant party who witnessed the ceremony, and the whole neighborhood was a scene of festivity. The happy pair left Washington for the North.

It is rumored that the Governor-general of Canada is about to return in the next Canadian steamer, and Sir William Eyre is to be recalled for the purpose of taking a command in India.

The State Department is in receipt of a letter from William Carey Jones, giving a pitiable account of his being sick and robbed in Costa Rica. Not one line of information is communicated on the subject of his special mission to Central America.

Lot M. Morrill, the Republican candidate for Governor of Maine, owns several thousand acres of land in the western portion of Virginia, near the Ohio River, where the free-labor colonies are now settling, and where there are no slaves.

George Smith, lately of Chicago, the great "Bull" of the Georgia "Red Dog" currency, has returned to Scotland, where it is said he has purchased the estate of Westhall, near Aberdeen, to which he is about to retire from active personal participation in the financial world. Mr. Smith has accumulated a fortune of some three millions of dollars in this country, in a very few years and on a small amount of capital. He invariably refused to become an American citizen, and he now returns to his native land as a man of wealth.

A private dispatch received from Texas concerning the death of General Rusk says: "Since the death of his wife the General had been very low-spirited. He wrote to his commission merchant in New Orleans for a gravestone for his wife, and said that he would not need one for himself, as the regret for his loss would be tombstone enough for him. At the time of his death he was conversing with a number of his friends, when he got up, took his gun and walked down toward the spring. In a short time the report of the gun was heard, and in a few minutes he was found lying on his gun with the top of his head blown off."

Beverly Tucker, by and with the advice and consent of his friends, has accepted the Liverpool consulate. He says his letter declining the appointment was written hastily and before consulting with his friends.

Governor Floyd has left for the West on some private business, to be absent for ten days or two weeks.

Senator Douglas publishes a letter in the Chicago *Times*, denying that he is personally interested in the sale of Fort Snelling. He promises to have something to say on the subject should the question come up in the Senate.

Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne has resigned the consulate at Liverpool, which place he has filled for four years with great ability and credit to himself, as well as most satisfactorily to the Government, and to those of his countrymen with whom he has been brought into contact. His official and personal relations with the present Chief Magistrate, as with the last, were of the most friendly character; but his private interests made it desirable for him to give up his office; and in February last he sent his resignation to a friend in the city to be placed at the disposal of the President after his inauguration. It is understood that Mr. Hawthorne will spend a year in Italy, and then return to educate his children in their native land. Freedom from the cares of office will enable this favorite writer to prepare and publish a work which he has been for some time contemplating; and as the "Scarlet Letter" followed his retirement from one office, we may expect, as an early result of this resignation, a book in no wise inferior to that remarkable romance in power and popularity.

Professor Mitchell, State Geologist of North Carolina, who lately met his death by a fall sustained during a scientific exploration of Black Mountain, is to be buried on the mountain where he died, in accordance with the desire of the people of that neighborhood.

*Dwight's Journal of Music* tells of the summer haunts of Boston artists: "Wheelock, the water-color artist, was at the Glen House when last heard from, and from all accounts, the weather in that vicinity has furnished him with a sufficient quantity of material in that line. Champney writes that he has hardly done any thing out of doors yet. Gerry, Griggs, and White, of Boston, and Durand and Richards, of New York, were at West Campton a week or two since. Mr. Gerry is just at present painting the fogs at Mount Desert. Williams is at Manchester, and is making some fine studies there. Rowse, the artist in black, finds sufficient occupation, since his return from New York, to keep him in town. Hinckley has two dogs at Cotton's which are very good. Shattuck and Colman, of New York, are at Conway. The valley of the Pemigewassett has superseded that of the Saco, and the white umbrellas at Conway are getting to be among the things that were."

Lieutenant James M'Garey, who accompanied Dr. Kane on his last Arctic Expedition, and who was connected with the panorama of Kane's Arctic voyages, now in Boston, died suddenly on 1st inst.

Henry Shelton Sanford went out in the *Star of the West, en route* for Central America and Venezuela.

John Smith, the Portuguese sailor who was convicted of murder on board the brig General Pierce, has had his sentence commuted by the President.

A letter from Santa Fé in the *Washington Union* says: "I this day had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with the far-famed Kit Carson. He is a mild, pleasant man in the expression of his face, and one would never suspect him of having led the life of daring and adventure which distinguish him. He is refined in his manner, and very polite in his intercourse; his conversation is marked by great earnestness, and his language is appropriate and well chosen, though not pronounced with correctness. He has a strong mind, and every thing he says is pointed and practical, except when indulging in a vein of humor, which is not unfrequent. No one can converse with him an hour without being favorably impressed; he has a jovial, honest, open countenance, and a kindness of heart almost feminine. He is universally beloved here, and a favorite with all classes, Indians included. He never alludes to his career as an adventurer unless questioned relative to it. Although he is free and easy in his conversation, every thing he says in regard to himself partakes of a degree of modesty almost incredible in one whose life has been an unbroken succession of hardships and dangers." You may have seen a small periodical floating about Washington called 'Kit Carson, the Gold Hunter.' I had read it, and, in the course of our conversation, I asked him if it were true. He said it was not; every statement made is false. He is represented in the pamphlet as a colossal figure, when he is not over five feet eight inches in height. He is heavy-framed, and weighs about 170 pounds. He is forty-eight years old, but does not look more than thirty-five. He came to this country in 1827, having run off from his employer, near Booneville, Missouri, to whom he was apprenticed to learn the saddler's trade. The facts of his life are now in the possession of Washington Irving, and will, doubtless, be thrown into the form of a book during the coming winter. He is a strong State-rights Democrat.

Mathew Hale Smith, Esq., the new counsel for Mrs. Cunningham, has procured from Judge Peabody a writ of *habeas corpus*. He is a brother of the Dr. Smith, her neighbor, who, on the trial, swore that *he* made the smells which pervaded Bond Street on the night of the murder. Both of these gentlemen were formerly Universalist ministers—the lawyer in Boston, and the doctor in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

#### TRIAL OF MRS. GARDINER.

The trial of Mrs. Abigail Gardiner of Hingham, Massachusetts, on a charge of murdering her husband by poison, took place last week at Plymouth. Before the Judge's charge, the prisoner thus addressed the jury:

"I have much to say, but I do not know how to say it; I am here, feeble and low, but I have done nothing which should put me in this place; I feel that I have been greatly injured and slandered by those who have a prejudice against me; I know that I am innocent, and have no business to be here, but I am in a place where I can not help myself, and I feel that I have no one to say a word in my defense. (Tears and sobs.) I feel like one all alone in the world with nobody to help me at all; I am so faint and weak that I am hardly able to be here this morning; I thought last night that I should be able to speak and to say considerable, but I am not.

"It is not because I am guilty that I can't say what I want to; I don't feel that I have done any thing which would put me here; I can declare before my Maker, and before you all, that I am innocent of the charge which is made against me; I tell you here I am innocent, as I have done every where; some one has done the deed, and lays it to me, and I alone have to bear it; I feel like one dying by inches, and have felt so all the time. (Renewed sobs.) As true as you are a judge in this court (looking him in the face), remember, too, that you have a Judge in heaven, who will also judge you for what you do, on the last day. Deal mercifully with me, and spare me for the sake of my children; they are as near and dear to me as my own life; they have been disgraced by what others have brought upon me; I do not feel that I have done any thing wrong myself; I know that I have not done any thing, therefore I feel that I have been injured by the ill-feeling and prejudice of people against me, for which I am not to blame, Sir." (Great emotion.)

The jury were out twenty-two hours, but could not agree, and Mrs. Gardiner was accordingly recommitted to prison.

#### AN UNLUCKY MERCHANT.

One of our down-town merchants received a remittance from one of his correspondents, in the shape of a draft on the Ohio Life and Trust Company for $3000, on the very day on which that institution closed its doors. He immediately telegraphed the fact to his debtor, who sent him another draft on John Thompson, which arrived the day after the failure of that broker; the merchant again telegraphed the failure, and received, in a few days, another draft on Atwood & Co., just as that firm suspended.

#### UNCOMFORTABLY RICH.

A Tennessee planter lately visited New Orleans, and stopped at the St. Charles Hotel, and in the course of a week created a prodigious sensation. He was a stout, plain-looking old fellow, and on the trip down from Memphis contrived to get very drunk, so that from the time he landed in the city until he left he carried on like a crazy man, paying fifty or a hundred times the value of every thing he bought. He gave a colored barber $10 for shaving him, and refused to take any change; paid half a dollar for a glass of liquor, declined the change, and gave the barkeeper $20 additional as a free gift. On the latter being rejected, the planter crumpled up the bill, threw it behind the counter, and walked off in a rage. He had all his pockets stuffed with bank-notes of the denominations of hundreds, fifties, and twenties, which he threw away recklessly. If he ran against a person he dashed a handful of bills in his face. Not satisfied with this, he afterward paraded about with a linen bag so full of silver that it bent him down to carry it. Wherever he had a chance he paid for drinks, etc., with a handful of half-dollars. After a three days' tour of this description, he packed up and traveled back to Tennessee, where he belonged. He is said to be quite wealthy. The suckers about town are believed to have reaped a grand harvest out of this poor inebriate's folly.

#### THE MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

A correspondent of a Boston paper writes: "Nearly the first thing a visitor to Plymouth does, after inspecting the various relics that may remain of the 'grim Puritan,' is to inquire about the prospects of the National Monument to the memory of the Pilgrims. I am happy to say there is a prospect that such a monument will yet commemorate the virtues and deeds of the heroic Fathers. The Pilgrim Society, as it is understood, have taken a bond that the work shall be completed in twelve years. The grandeur and magnificence of the proposed monumental token have been often described in the pub-

lic prints. The subscriptions, thus far, for the object, have reached $33,000, of which the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth has collected about $25,000, and $8000 is upon subscription papers in other hands. It is intended to lay the corner-stone of the monument in August next, on the anniversary day of the Pilgrim embarkation from Delft-haven."

### TO THE POINT.

Some of the railroads have now got the "half cent" kind of superintendents to manage them, and of course are conducted on the "half cent" plan. A man residing at Schenectady, who has long been in the employ of the Central Railroad Company, and is now a fireman on the road, applied to Mr. Vibbard, the Superintendent, for a pass to take him to some point on the road which he desired to visit. The Superintendent declined to grant the request and said: "The Company employ you and pay you so much per month for your services. When your wages are paid, our obligation ends. If you are at work for a farmer at one dollar a day, and desired to go to Saratoga, would you expect him to hitch up his team and carry you there for nothing?" The fireman replied: "No, Sir; but if he had his team hitched up, and was going directly to Saratoga, I should think he was a hog if he did not let me ride."

### HAVE WE A PRINCESS AMONG US?

The Washington *Union* says: "This morning the *George Page* landed a very aged negro woman, who gave the following history of herself: She was born in this country, but was the child of the sister of (as she states) the present Queen of Morocco. She was reared by a Quaker family in Newbern or Edenton, North Carolina, and was set free by them. Having a great desire to see her royal relative, at the age of nearly ninety she starts on foot for New York, where a gentleman has offered to procure a passage to Morocco. Most of the way from North Carolina she has traveled on foot, carrying a bundle weighing not less than fifty pounds."

### MATRIMONY AND DRY GOODS.

A country paper says: "Mr. S. N. Butler, one of our most enterprising merchants, and Miss Libbie A. Wade, were united in the bonds of matrimony at the First Presbyterian Church in this village, on Tuesday morning last. The happy couple started the same day for New York, *where the bridegroom intends purchasing a larger stock of goods than ever for net cash.*"

### THE COAT OF ARMS OF MINNESOTA.

The device of the Seal and Coat of Arms adopted by the Republican Convention for the future State of Minnesota represents a waterfall—supposed to be that of Minnehaha—within a shield, symbolizing the abundant and varied water-power and privilege in the State. An Indian figure with his face toward the setting sun, and tomahawk and arrows at his feet. Opposite is the figure of the white man, with a sheaf of wheat and agricultural implements. The Indian is represented as asking of the white man whither he shall go, and the white man, pointing to the implements, as if he would direct him in the habits of civilized life. In one corner, a distant view of Lake Superior and sail; in the other, the Minnesota River and a steamer. The three pine regions of the St. Croix, Mississippi, and Lake Superior are represented by three pine trees. The motto to accompany the words "State of Minnesota, A.D. 1857," is in these words, "Liberty and Union."

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### PARLIAMENT.

Parliament has been prorogued. In the House of Commons on the 21st ult., Mr. W. Williams asked the First Lord of the Treasury whether there was any truth in the rumor that in compliance with the application from the government of France the government of England would expel some of the French refugees who had sought an asylum in that country? In reply, Lord Palmerston said: "My answer is, in the first place, that no such application has been received from the government of France; and, in the next place—something like the excuse of a village for not ringing their bells in the time of Charles II., that they had no bells to ring—*that we have no power by law to grant any such application.*" (Cheers and laughter.)

### THE ENGLISH CLERGY IN TROUBLE.

The English clergy having remonstrated as a body against the Divorce Bill, Lord Palmerston thus rapped them on the knuckles: "The Church of England has stood hitherto on ground very different in some respects from that of churches in other countries. It has never assumed to itself the right of being an ecclesiastical inquisition. The clergymen of that church have contented themselves with being the guides, the instructors, and the friends of the laity. They have set an example of purity of life which has recommended to the laity the precepts that have come from their lips; but if they should think that this concession entitles them to assume to themselves that authoritative interference in the affairs of private life which is too frequently assumed by the clergymen of other countries, I am afraid they will do the greatest possible injury to the Church by creating feelings toward that Church very different from those which hitherto have prevailed. A few years ago I was talking to a very distinguished person belonging to one of the States of Italy, and I was urging upon him the absurdity and wrongfulness of the interference of Government to prevent converts from the Catholic to the Protestant faith, when his reply was, that if they did not make it a punishable offense, the whole people would become Protestants. 'What!' I said, 'do you mean to say that their religious opinions hang so loosely about them, and that their minds are so predisposed to Protestantism that they would immediately, if let alone, alter their religion?' 'Oh,' said he, 'you misunderstand me; it is not from religious conviction that they would become Protestants, but they would become Protestants to withdraw themselves from the tyranny and oppression of the priests.' I say, then, that if the clergy of the Church of England were to depart from that course they have hitherto pursued, they would inspire in the minds of the laity very different feelings from those which happily now prevail."

### A FRACAS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The English papers are fond of quoting from our Congressional debates to show that Congress is a bear garden; but the following extract would go to prove that Parliament is not much better:

"Mr. Newdegate moved for a return on the subject of customs duties and tariffs, and added that Mr. Lowe, vice-president of the Board of Trade, having promised him the return, had put on the paper an amendment which would deprive him of what he sought, and he concluded by saying that the right honorable gentleman had broken his faith. Mr. Lowe, in reply, denied point blank having made such promises, and said that Mr. Newdegate, being in the habit of publishing annually a volume on the subject of tariffs, had attempted and generally succeeded in getting these returns at the expense of the country, and to save his own pocket in making up his book. Mr. Newdegate retorted by declaring the statements of the vice-president to be falsehoods, and Mr. Lowe concluded the interesting dialogue by stating that, after the assertions which Mr. Newdegate had thought proper to make, he would take care never to have any communication with that gentleman except in the presence of a witness. The few members who were present listened with astonishment."

### A TOBACCO PETTICOAT.

At the Thames office the other day, Lothe Dartdemere, a little Dutchwoman, who carried an infant in her arms, was brought before Mr. Yardley, charged with smuggling twenty-one pounds of foreign manufactured tobacco, by which she had incurred a penalty of £100. It appeared that on the arrival of an Antwerp steamer lately at St. Katherine's Wharf, the prisoner, who was a passenger, was about to leave the vessel, when her extraordinary bulk attracted the notice of the revenue officers on board, who very politely asked her if she had any goods liable to duty in her possession, to which she made signs in the negative. The officers transferred her to a female searcher, to whom she declared that she was *enceinte*. "Then you must allow me to be the midwife and relieve you," said the unrelenting Englishwoman; and she accordingly proceeded to strip the Dutchwoman, and took from her a huge petticoat which encircled her person, and which was lined throughout with compressed tobacco. The prisoner thereupon stammered out an excuse that, as ladies wore crinoline petticoats in England to give them a very bulky appearance, she had substituted tobacco, which was cheap in Holland. The excuse was not credited, and the prisoner was taken into custody, the case reported to the Board of Customs, and this prosecution instituted. The prisoner, through an interpreter, pleaded guilty. A custom-house officer produced a large petticoat made of canvas, with straps attached to make it fast to the shoulders of the wearer. It was filled with tobacco. Mr. Yardley said he had no alternative but to sentence the prisoner to pay a fine of £100 to the Queen, and in default to be imprisoned for six months. The prisoner hoped she would be allowed to take her baby into the prison, and as it was only eight months old she was allowed to take it with her.

### JUSTICE AT LAST.

At the late Liverpool Assizes, Henry Rogers, 37, master mariner, William Miles, 27, seaman, and Charles Edward Seymour, 25, seaman, were indicted for murder on the high seas, on the 5th June, of a seaman named Andrew Rose. The case revealed a series of the most atrocious and horrible cruelties perpetrated by the prisoners. When the deceased joined the ship he was an "able seaman." He had his hair closely cut, and from some other circumstances it was considered that his intellect was somewhat deranged. He used frequently to sing; and one Sunday he was singing, "Oh, that will be joyful!" on the forecastle, when the captain came up to him and ordered him to desist. He obeyed, upon which the captain said to him, "I will make you sorrowful." The mate then, by the direction of the captain, brought an iron bolt which the captain forced into the deceased's mouth, and fastened with spun yarn round the back of his head. He was thus kept for about an hour and a half. A subsequent act of cruelty was the training of a dog which was on board, named "Watch," to bite the deceased, and whenever the dog saw the captain beating Rose, it would fly at him and bite pieces out of his legs, and when he put his hands down to protect his legs when in irons, the dog would bite places out of his arms and hands. On one occasion after the deceased had come down from furling the sails, he was again sent up, naked, with a bucket of water in his hands, and the chief mate followed him and beat him with a whip until the blood flowed from the wounds. The captain afterward ordered the carpenter to knock out the head of a water cask, and this being done, the deceased was put into the cask, which was then headed up and rolled up and down the deck, and afterward lashed to the deck, in which position it remained, with the deceased inside, from noon until midnight. The final atrocity inflicted upon the deceased, and which terminated his sufferings, occurred soon afterward. The captain was heard to say to the deceased—"I wish you would either hang or drown yourself." The deceased replied that the captain ought to do this, whereupon the captain made a running noose, put it round the deceased's neck, and had him hoisted up about three feet from the deck. In this position the deceased remained for about two minutes, and when let down he was unable to stand, he frothed at the mouth, and his eyes were starting from his head. After this he was removed to the forecastle, but from this time his mind and body became weaker and weaker, and on the 5th June, he was brought upon deck, where he laid down and died. His body was one mass of wounds and sores, some of the latter being covered with maggots. None of the crew liked to touch the body, and about an hour after Rose died it was thrown into the sea without ceremony.

The prisoners were found guilty of willful murder and sentenced to death.

### THE TELEGRAPH.

Nothing is yet decided with regard to the Submarine Telegraph. The Directors have offers for the cable, for India, but may again attempt to lay it in October. The frigate *Niagara* was about to be put into dock at Keyham, for what reason is not stated.

### A BRIEF HONEYMOON.

One day not very long since the detachment of Royal Marines about to embark at Plymouth for service in China were paid a month's wages in advance. A private named M'Koone, on receiving his money, asked permission to marry before embarking. This request was granted, and going under escort of a non-commissioned officer he was allowed to proceed to church with his bride. The ceremony having been concluded, the happy pair were permitted ten minutes to spend the honeymoon, at the expiration of which time he returned to the barracks, made an allotment in favor of his wife, and then embarked with the rest of the detachment on board the Imperador screw steamer.

## FRANCE.

### THE FETE NAPOLEON.

The extensive *fêtes* prepared by Government were destined to be drizzled to death by one of those obstinately wet days which begin with a slow but earnest determination to rain from morning to night. The guns of the Invalides reminded us this year of the 15th of August with a heavy, muffled voice, and the sky presented that monotonous, unbroken, leaden gloom which is sure to prevent a ray of sunshine reaching the earth. Such an unpromising state of things, however, did not prevent thousands from leaving their rooms in the humbler streets of Paris, and congregating in the passages and arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, which they densely crowded, accompanied by damp umbrellas, and "hoping against hope" that it would yet be fine weather. The covered way of the Rue de Rivoli presented a curious scene. The rain had driven a whole class of holiday commercial men under covers. Trays of gingerbread and many-colored sweets, intended to glitter in the sun, were obstructing the polite pathway of this fashionable quarter of Paris, their owners all looking very melancholy; while the "merchants" who sell pleasing drinks from crimson barrels lashed to their backs, were pausing here and there with that look of tranquil despair which had grown from a sad conviction that no one would be thirsty that day. Workmen in holiday costume, and servant-maids in white caps, and *modistes* in crinoline grandeur, displaying a little more than their Adelaide boots, filled the long covered way of the Rue de Rivoli. Two or three gloomy-looking Englishmen at the windows of Meurice's Hotel sulkily read the newspapers, their occupation being occasionally varied by a gloomy gaze at the passers-by in the street. The carriages of the civil and military personages were seen of necessity driving to the Tuileries, the coachmen and servants looking very dismal in their dripping finery. The Champ de Mars was a point of attraction; for there the day *fêtes* took place, although the rain was not less sparing in this direction. The campaign in Kabylia was witnessed from the umbrellas of many thousands who had the happiness to observe also with what facility French soldiers knock over the Arabs. Here, also, a huge balloon was a conspicuous object; but the scene was by no means cheerful. Something like a square mile of dark umbrellas, and many miles of slate-colored sky, were the chief features of the Champ de Mars. The extensive illuminations in the Champs Elysées were spoiled by the rain. All night long the lamplighters were endeavoring to forget the past, and good-humoredly flare up, but in vain. Some lamps would not light at all, and others, after a feeble struggle with the water, gave it up and went out. It resulted, therefore, that the glittering designs in the front of the Tuileries' Gardens were broken and imperfect. A profusion of admirable fireworks having in some measure consoled the muddy multitude, the programme of the day was completed, but a more inauspicious "*Fête Napoleon*" has not occurred. In fact, the extensive preparations made by the Government to delight the people were frustrated by a determined wet day.

### A STUDENT'S DUEL.

We find the following in the Paris correspondence of the *Indépendance Belge:* "Every year, at the time of the vacations, several duels take place between the pupils of the school of St. Cyr. This year the duels have been more numerous than ever, nearly eighty having taken place since January last. One of them, which occurred at the end of last week, had a lamentable issue, and originated in motives the most frivolous. The combatants and the witnesses were all minors. The principals were M. L——, son of a former prefect, and M. de Négrire, son of the Colonel of the 14th Regiment of the line. The duel came off; and young L——, mortally wounded, was taken to the hospital of Versailles, where he died the next day. On Sunday last his burial took place. Nearly all the pupils of the school were present at the obsequies. The sister of young L—— was about to leave to be married, and her journey had been delayed a month in order that this unfortunate young man might be present. His mother, summoned by telegraphic dispatch, hastened to Versailles, but was too late to receive his dying sigh. Négrire will be probably tried by a court-martial. An inquiry has been made, by order of the Minister of War, into the circumstances of the duel. It having appeared that every thing was fairly conducted, the survivor has only been sentenced to serve for one year as a private soldier in a regiment, and then to return to his studies. This punishment may be considered almost nominal, as it is probable that after he has entered on the strength of a regiment he will receive leave of absence. He is quite a boy, and of a genteel and amiable character; but it appears that the young man he was so unfortunate as to kill had for some time past made a practice of tormenting him, until at last the provocation became unendurable.

### AN AERIAL BRIDGE IN PARIS.

A newspaper relates that a curious cause is about to be tried before the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. A M. Tiquet, a rich carpet manufacturer, died a short time ago in consequence of a fall he had had amidst a confusion of vehicles, at the entrance of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. By his will he left to the city of Paris a legacy of 500,000 francs, to be applied to the construction of a bridge for foot passengers over the boulevard and connecting the streets of Montmartre and Faubourg Montmartre, that being the spot where he met with his accident. His heirs dispute the validity of this legacy, which the city of Paris defends, subject to the fulfillment of the condition annexed to it. The vacation over, the Tribunal will decide between the litigants. Should the legacy be confirmed by its decision, the construction of the aerial bridge will show whether such erections are convenient and desirable, a question that has of late been not unfrequently discussed.

### A LIBELER PUNISHED.

A popular but scurrilous biographer of living celebrities, M. Jaquot, who assumes the name of De Mirecourt, and who has been cast in actions for libel oftener, probably, than any writer extant, has again been unlucky. The proprietor and editors of the *Constitutionnel* have fired a volley at him with deadly effect. For a libel upon M. Mires, he is sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, a fine of 2000 francs, and 20,000 francs damages. His freedoms with M. Boniface are punished by one month's imprisonment, 200 francs fine, and 500 francs damages. The young and brilliant redacteur of the *Debats*, M. Prevost Paradol, whose liberal principles must make a press prosecution a matter of the last resort to him, has also obtained a sentence against M. de Mirecourt of one month's imprisonment, 200 francs fine, and 500 francs damages.

### COST OF FINE FRENCH LADIES.

The Countess of Morny has met with great success in Parisian society, and the happy couple have now departed for their country seat in Auvergne. In his travels on railways M. Morny uses a special and magnificent wagon, furnished like an elegant drawing-room. Other lucky financiers have imitated his example, and possess private "saloon carriages," in order to be always amidst the accustomed luxury. Where will the successful jobbers stop? In a recent lawsuit of "separation of property" (*séparation de biens*), brought by M. B. against his wife, the husband produced three hundred bills which he had had to pay in one year. Three of the items are as follows:

1. Malakoff cages with artificial springs, crinolines, Bayaderes a la Duchesse and a la Pompadour. . . . . . . 1600 francs.
2. Petticoats in order to hide the said cages. . . . . . . . . [illegible]000 francs
3. Washing of muslin petticoats, with flounces, from the month of May to the end of June. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [illegible]000 francs.

Silks, jewels, and bonnets are not reckoned.

### ANOTHER MURDER BY A WOMAN.

A desperate attempt at murder was lately made by a widow, named Guerrier, on the person of her son-in-law, a shopkeeper, named Roulin. The man had for some time past been refused admittance to the house of the widow, in consequence of some disputes relative to the manner in which she intended to dispose of her property, and she was repeatedly heard to say that if he persisted in tormenting her she would run a knife through him. On the night of the attack, Roulin, who was in a state of intoxication, went to the widow's house, but the woman, seeing him approach, closed the door, and when he attempted to force it open, told him that if he did so he would be a dead man. Finding that he could not succeed in forcing an entrance, he went round to the back door, which he found open, but scarcely had he entered when he met the widow, armed with a huge knife, which she had sharpened for the purpose. She at once rushed at him, and stabbed him in four places, and he fell to the ground, bleeding profusely. She then ran to the front door, and opening it, brandished her knife, exclaiming, "It is done! He is dead, and I shall now be rid of him!" Some of the neighbors then ran in, and seeing Roulin on the ground, sent for medical assistance, and also for the police, by whom the widow was arrested. The wounds of Roulin, though serious, are not expected to be fatal.

### BERANGER'S ROOM.

M. Perrotin, the publisher, has bought all the furniture and books that were in Béranger's bed-room at the moment of his death. He has ordered his architect to build in his own house a chamber of exactly the same form and dimensions. The paper of Beranger's room will be taken off by means of a damping process, and transferred to the *fac simile* apartment, which, when the relics shall be arranged precisely as they were in the poet's last day, will be exhibited to the public. The exhibition will doubtless prove as attractive as Rousseau's hermitage at Montmorency.

### CONVERSATION BY MEANS OF MUSIC.

The *France Musicale* gives an interesting account of some experiments made in presence of the Emperor when at Plombières, to test the efficiency of Monsieur Sudre's plan for transmitting signals to the troops of an army or navy, by means of musical sounds. Monsieur Sudre, whatever may be the merits of his invention, at least deserves the praise of perseverance, as we remember him giving a public exhibition of the effects of his system twenty years back in the concert room of the Italian Opera at London. The above named journal says: "During the Emperor's stay, Monsieur Sudre, the inventor of what is called *téléphonie*, or the art of transmitting signals and phrases by sound, had with his wife the honor of exhibiting before his Majesty. Placing himself in the middle of the saloon, he announced that he would with his violin express any phrase his Majesty might please to dictate to him, in such a manner as to enable Madame Sudre, who was seated at the further end of the room, among a group of ladies, to say what it meant. The Emperor immediately wrote on a piece of paper the words, 'Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux,' and Monsieur Sudre produced a few sounds from his violin. Madame Sudre immediately rose and repeated the phrase word for word. Another experiment was then made—it consisted in *speaking* the notes instead of *playing* them. The Emperor wrote, 'Plombières est une ville charmante ce soir,' and Monsieur Sudre, after reading the phrase, pronounced, without any intonation of voice, certain notes. Madame Sudre at once gave the words correctly. Experiments in *téléphonie* were made. Monsieur Sudre's system reduces the transmission of signals to three sounds expressed by the trumpet, the drum, or the cannon; or, in the event of high winds preventing sounds from being heard, to three signs. The Emperor gave the order 'Construct batteries on the height,' and Monsieur Sudre produced three sounds on the clarion; Madame Sudre at once repeated the phrase. Another order given by General Espinasse was repeated by the drum, and translated instantaneously by the lady. The order 'Let the artillery paralyze the fire of the enemy's battery' was transmitted by taps on the table to imitate cannon, and was in like manner at once repeated by Madame Sudre. The Emperor asked if proper names and the names of towns could be transmitted by the system, and being answered in the affirmative, wrote the name of Nabuchodonosor; some sounds from the trumpet enabled Madame Sudre to repeat the name aloud. In addition to these experiments he and Madame Sudre exhibited a system which they have invented for enabling deaf and dumb persons to communicate by signs, which system has been favorably reported on by the Institute. By the Emperor's order the phrase '*Il fait horriblement chaud*' was written, and Monsieur Sudre, spreading out the fingers of his left hand, which were supposed to represent musical notes, with the finger of his right hand pointed to some of them. Madame Sudre, without a second's delay, pronounced the phrase aloud. A still more curious experiment followed—the act of making a blind person communicate with a deaf and dumb one. Monsieur Sudre, taking his wife's hand, touched her fingers, and enabled her to repeat the question, '*Quelle est la vertu des eaux de Plombières?*' which the Emperor wrote. The Emperor expressed his satisfaction at what he had witnessed. He then graciously invited Madame Sudre to sing one or two morceaux, after which his Majesty dismissed her and her husband with marks of his munificence."

### AN AMERICAN FETE IN PARIS.

A Paris paper says: "A very rich and very intelligent American, Mr. James Dieck Hill, a charming man despite his millions, has determined to prove to the Parisians that they were wrong to complain of the heat, and to show them how it is braved and turned to good account. He gave a charming *fête* in his splendid, vast drawing rooms, which are as airy as the Louvre. A large circular balcony running around the rooms, allowed the guests to enjoy the air without losing a note of the delicious music, which had attracted an enormous crowd on the Place de la Madeleine. The guests received at their entrance a hearty shake hands and a fan. He found means of assembling at this *soiree*, where an incredible degree of luxury was displayed, more artists, and great artists, than would be necessary to assure the fortune of twenty theatres. There was Madame Borghi-Mamo, of the opera, Madame Frezzolini, of the Italian Opera, Mesdames Balestra, Laboccetta, Cimino, Didot, Ardavani, Braga, Mademoiselles Corbari, and two American ladies who will soon shine on the stage of the Italian Opera—Miss Hensler and Mrs. de Wilhorst. Madame Borghi Mamo delighted the company with a Neapolitan song and the famous *brindisi* of "Lucrezia Borgia." I say nothing of the success nor of the voice of Mrs. de Wilhorst, nor of her talents, because, if she appears at one of our theatres, as we believe she is to do, we should not anticipate the interest of her *début*. Madame Frezzolini bade us adieu that evening. She was very beautiful and very sad. She can not console herself on leaving Paris, although she goes to New York on a golden bridge longer than the submarine cable which will soon connect England and America. One of our friends asked her what she intended singing, but he repented his imprudence. "You are very curious," said she, dryly. "I will sing whatever I please."

## AFRICA.

### MURDER OF DR. VOGEL.

The official confirmation of the murder of Dr. Vogel at Wara, the capital of Wadi, has been received. He was beheaded by order of the Sultan. Corporal Maguire, R. E., was murdered by a party of Tuaricks some six marches to the north of Kuka. Apprehending danger, he had traced a few lines in pencil to our Vice-Consul at Murzak, requesting him, in the event of his death, to discharge a small sum to his people. The gallant fellow made a desperate defense, and dispatched several of his murderers before he fell. The melancholy events tend strongly to confirm the opinion that no profitable commerce can be opened with Central Africa over the desert from Tunis or Tripoli. The true way must be by means of its great rivers—the Nile, the Niger, and the Zambese.

### PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS AT TUNIS.

Intelligence of the 13th from Tunis, states that there had been, in that city, a ferocious attack on the Jews. The Christians themselves had been threatened. Several persons were killed. The British Consulate was insulted. Military measures for repressing the outrage were taken very tardily.

A dispatch from Tunis confirms the telegraphic message. It runs thus: "A dervise having in the public streets denounced an Israelite as a blasphemer, the populace fell upon the unfortunate Jew, who was, however, rescued from their hands, and taken for safety to the Bourse. But the populace broke into the building and knocked to pieces every thing they could lay their hands upon. They then went to the offices of the Messageries, crying, 'Death to the Jews!' 'Death to the Franks!' The French Consul went in all haste to the Bey at Marsa, and demanded troops for the protection of European life and property. The greatest excitement prevails in the town."

## INDIA.

### PROGRESS OF THE MUTINY.

Delhi is not yet taken; and General Barnard, who commanded the British forces before that place, is dead of dysentery. General Sir H. Lawrence is also dead of wounds received at Lucknow. A reinforcement of one thousand five hundred troops, originally destined for operations in China, has been landed at Calcutta.

### OUTRAGES OF THE MUTINEERS.

Further details of the most atrocious cruelties continue to be made public. One gentleman writes: "At Mhow, for instance, an outbreak occurred a few days since. Most escaped, but one family was caught—that of an European sergeant. The parents were tortured to death, and the children stabbed with the bayonet till the pain became almost unbearable; they then squeezed them into a box and placed them over a slow fire. The only remaining child is in the Byculla School, and she received a letter two days ago, acquainting her of the melancholy end of her parents and brothers. The poor child's grief was most painful to witness, I am told. An incident I have heard, which is as follows, possesses a melancholy interest: An officer, with his wife, was endeavoring to escape; they had proceeded but a short distance, when they were stopped by a party of mutineers. The officer was armed. To sell his own and dear partner's life was the first thought; to execute it was the next. Seven ruffians fell before his avenging arm; and then they proved too many for him. Slowly retreating, while keeping them at bay, the fiends made a rush at his wife—but no, a shot from the husband's arm saved her honor, though it cost her life. Another shot, and by his own hand, too, the husband finds his rest beside the body of his wife."

Another correspondent says: "The representative of the Mahratta has set himself up as king—the very man I wrote about when I was at Cawnpore. This man has committed the most fearful atrocities. A boat load of 126 women and children were passing down from Nynee Tal to Calcutta to be out of the way. They were near Cawnpore when he got hold of them, tied them together one by one, and mutilated them. An infant of a month old he took from its mother's breast, pretended to fondle, and then cut it into pieces. I am certain that such a man will not pass unpunished."

The following is an extract from a private letter: "How to describe all the enormities that have taken place throughout British India I know not. The overland newspapers will be full enough of news, but a deal that appears in correspondents' letters in the Calcutta daily newspapers will not be found in the overland papers, and a deal more that we hear of by private letters, that do not find publication, as being too heart-rending and shocking to put into print. No savages in the Pacific Ocean could be capable of doing what these scoundrel mutineers have been guilty of. Women and children slaughtered and mangled in a most cruel manner; young girls of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen years of age violated by mutineers, exhausted to death, their breasts and limbs cut off, and pariah dogs fed with the flesh of their victims, cut from their bones—these acts are among numerous others that we learn by private communications—the victims English women and young ladies, some only lately returned from England, thus treated before the eyes of their parents."

# FLIRTATION AT NEWPORT.

[BEING A LETTER FROM A BARNACLE AT THE SEA-SIDE TO A BARNACLE IN TOWN.]

THE DRIVE ON THE BEACH.

I VERY often think, my friend, of the remark of the French critic who had been bored to death with a five-act tragedy: "I can't see," said he, "why people should write five-act tragedies. It is so much easier not to do it!" Indeed, it is my opinion that the "clever ones" of this world have to pay penalties for greatness from which the Barnacles are free.

I am a Barnacle.

I say it without pride and without shame.

It is my natural condition. I am no more responsible for it than a Shrewsbury oyster for its inferiority to a Prince's Bay.

As a Barnacle, I go every year to Newport. Newport is the best place for people who know how to do nothing. That's a rare accomplishment in this country! Even your *lazaroni*, who display the soles of their shoes in the second-rate hotels, always pretend to have some business, on the arrangement of which the safety of some mysterious third person depends.

No, it is only at Newport that you find people who really do nothing well. During nine months in the year the natives of the enchanted isle are engaged in intense mental struggles devising plans to cheat the outside barbarians who come here during the other three. These last-named persons are equally puzzled when they get here to know what to do with themselves. Some of them write for the

EVENING AMUSEMENT AT THE HOTELS.

newspapers, and, like Dogberry, were their tediousousness ten times greater, they would inflict it all upon the dear, long-suffering, much-enduring, uncomplaining public.

There be others who are not at all literary, who spend their time in various amusements more or less athletic; who become absurdly healthy; who are even vigorous enough to flirt with a watering-place belle; and who are, therefore, perfectly competent to digest any thing of exceeding toughness, not excepting the mutton and the music of the *table d'hôte*.

Friend of my early days! It is of these Herculean individuals that I would tell you.

You must remember Wash Fastboy, one of the *habitués* of the New York Club, orderly-sergeant of Brown's Light Brigade, director of the German, and more latterly Colonel commanding the Lancers, now on duty in our hotel parlors. The last time I saw the gay Washington, he was cutting up at the *Closerie des Lilas* among a parcel of students, *gris*, and other *ettes* of various colors (pardon, I don't do it often). Washington was likewise a great man at the Mabille and the Château des Fleurs. He could imitate to a nicety those remarkable physical contortions which the French swell-mob calls dancing; indeed, I think Washington might have been mistaken for a *chevalier d'industrie* if he had been able to speak French.

Well, Wash is a clever one. When the asphalte got too hot for his patent-leathers, he cut Paris, put "*Les Lanciers*" and some fresh gloves in his traveling-sack, and came down upon Newport after the "Here we are!" fashion of a clown in the pantomime.

Of course Wash was a great lion. Miss Blank, from Boston, who reads French novels on the sly, cross-examined him about that dear Theophile Gautier; and did he ever see Madame Dudevant? and was young Dumas as handsome as people said? and did he see the funeral of Béranger? with various other questions as long as the category of the Prefect of Police when he is overhauling a trembling housemaid suspected of spoon-larceny. Wash regarded this young person with ill-concealed scorn. None of the people that she mentioned were ever heard of at the Jockey Club, nor had he met them at supper at the Maison Dorée.

"It's very queer," said Wash, as he handed Miss Dash, of Madison Avenue, into the carriage for her afternoon drive—Miss Dash is one of those young ladies who are popular with us young fellows, because a man can say almost any thing he likes to them—"it's very queer," said he, "how they come to let that little thing out. Why don't they have an asylum or something of that kind for these literary women?" So they ought.

The scandal market was pretty dull before Wash came, but he at once set it going very lively by commencing a tremendous flirtation with Miss Dash. The dowager Dash don't like this a bit, but it's great fun for Mademoiselle, who is of that particularly dutiful class of American girls who don't care sixpence for their mothers, and look upon their fathers only as machines to facilitate the signing of bank-checks, and the consequent aggregation of dry goods. I, as a Barnacle, sit in a corner, and see the thing go on. It amuses me. Wash, you know,

THE MILLIONAIRE INTRODUCED TO MADEMOISELLE.

MADEMOISELLE GIVING A ROSE-BUD TO THE AGREEABLE YOUNG MAN.

BOWLING.

has no a red cent—beg pardon, I believe they are no longer red; his mamma manages to give him two thousand dollars a year, while she vegetates on two hundred. The Dashes haven't much. The old man has been in Wall Street for a good many years, and has only his salary in the bank. The women here wonder how they contrive to keep up any sort of style. Yet there they go every morning, with the best pair of horses in Newport (except those owned by the gentleman who keeps the "menagerie"), and Miss Dash on a fine saddle-mare three-quarters bred. It is absolutely necessary that Miss Dash should marry some one with money, and if you think that that young person is not fully awake to the said necessity, you are very much mistaken. Wash knows that he can't have her, and, between you and I, I don't believe he wants her.

What do they flirt *for?* Good gracious! I can't really say. It is notorious that they *do* flirt, and that in the most desperate way. The young fellows who try to make people believe they are fast by sitting up till the New York boat comes in, and drinking brandy-and-water in the office after the bar is closed, talk about it, and any thing must be pretty patent when they get an idea of it into their silly little heads—the town-people, who come up to take a surreptitious peep at the hops, notice them together in the Lancers, and think they must be "engaged;" and the old people, as I said before, are seriously annoyed about it. The drawing-room says it is really scandalous, and that something ought to be done. When the yacht squadron was here, Wash was on the most intimate terms with all the young gentlemen who strove to look nautical, but at the same time gave you the idea of a purser's clerk with a pen behind his ear, and he absolutely took Miss Dash and her friend Mrs. Flirthard out in the *Lively Polly*, and the ladies said they had such fun, having absolutely seduced the skipper, Sikesey by name, into allowing them to take the helm, and narrowly escaped going ashore on the Dumplings, which would have been intensely amusing—to the owner of the *Polly*.

Things were in this way when Brown came to Newport, and was duly deposited at our tavern. Brown is one of the Philadelphia Browns, with no end of browns—in fact Brown is a millionaire. He has, as our Western friends say, "hankered arter" Miss Dash for a season or two; but somehow or other he couldn't work himself up to the point. He is a long, thin fellow, is this Brown; he wears large Philadelphia clothes, and Miss Dash says his feet are so big that he can't get room enough to polk on any floor in Newport. He was all right with the dowager though, and he was so sick for Miss Dash that even I pitied him—and when a fellow gets down to that you can imagine what a condition he must be in. She pretended that she didn't know Brown, although every body knew how she walked him up and down on the piazza at Congress Hall last season, and how she made his horses run away with him when he took her out to Saratoga Lake. So he had another formal introduction, which was to irreverent outsiders the most amusing thing in the world. The lady smiled sweetly, and said she thought she had met a gentleman of the name of Brown before—a person who had something to do with Grace Church. Ah, Brown! you are in a fair way to be quizzed to death! Ten minutes after Wash led her out for the Lancers, and she promenaded in the piazza with him till eleven o'clock, while poor Brown flew to brandy-and-water for the consolation which the dowager could not give him, and which Mademoiselle wouldn't.

"Did you ever hear of such conduct?" was the general inquiry among the women, and to the eternal credit of the elderly ladies be it said, that they were entirely unanimous in saying that they never did. Why, Miss Dash had absolutely, in the presence of the dowager, given to Wash a rose, telling him to take it, that it was a gift of love, and some other nonsense of that sort; while the old lady grew black with horror, and poor Brown turned as white as his own Chestnut Street door-steps. He tried to laugh, but it was in a sickly sort of way—a dead failure, in fact.

FISHING.

YACHTING.—NEW HANDS AT THE HELM.

Now do you suppose for a moment that Miss Dash wanted Wash, or that Wash wanted her? No, they were too clever for that. What would he do with her? or what would she do with him? Wash was a nice fellow "to have round." He was untiring in his devotions—took her every day to play at ten pins, and was so clever and told such wickedly funny stories. Brown she could have at any time. He was a miserable lanky ten-acre lot—the fences all down, waiting for her to walk in and take possession. She was in no hurry.

That was her argument, but these fellows turn out queerly sometimes. I knew Brown only wanted somebody to encourage him, and there would be a tremendous row. Pretty soon I saw the little Boston girl who was so anxious about Theophile Gautier making eyes at Brown. She was not bad-looking, this Athenian, and she had never forgiven our fast friend of Madison Avenue for her wholesale appropriation of Wash. Brown was a bit bewildered. The dowager was indignant. Mademoiselle laughed, and evidently didn't think it would be much of a shower. She, out of a pretty spite, flirted with Wash harder than ever. Boston played out her trumps first, knowing she must have Brown by a *coup d'état* if she was to have him at all.

The clever ones were in imminent danger. None knew the peril better than the dowager, and what

THE HOP—"LES LANCIERS."

was her horror to come one evening upon the long Philadelphian and the Boston blue sitting in a dark corner of the corridor, in the most snug, lover-like attitude in the world. "How," said the dowager, while she was talking the matter over with another dowager, "how in the world she ever brought him to it, I really can not see." More to the same effect said this worthy matron—how Sarah Ann would never look after her chances—how she would like to box that fellow's ears (meaning Brown), and how that shameless little hussy (meaning the small female Athenian) ought to be cut by every decent woman. Whether the women here are decent or not I can not say, but they didn't cut her.

The very next day Brown having got his splendid new tackle down from Conroy's, went down by Land's End after bass. There are no bass at Land's End but plenty of rocks with nice places to sit and chat. So Brown waited for the bass which did not come, and for his little Bostonian who did. She read him bits out of "Graziella;" and he forgot the bass—and then she tried a throw, and then their fingers got mixed up trying to make the line run smooth from the reel, and then—well, they had a nice time of it by all accounts, and Brown killed off the time till dinner, which is the grand secret down here. Nobody would accuse Brown of finding out any secrets, but crinoline sharpens a fellow amazingly.

Our fast friend tries in vain to corner Brown. Boston has won the victory. She has "jumped the claim," as they say out West, and she has confided to her particular friend, as a secret to be locked closely in her own breast (of course every one knows it two hours afterward), that the deed is done. Philadelphia and Boston will be united in the Fall by a cable which Brown believes can be made to transmit the largest messages without interruption of the curtain. Our little friend will keep up her end of the rope without doubt.

You can imagine, beloved, the peculiarly perplexing predicament in which the two clever ones are placed. Miss Dash has come to think Wash an insufferable bore. That young gentleman is in that pleasant state of mind which one experiences when one has been beaten at his own game. He fondly imagined that he was the quizzer when he was only quizzed. Of course the clever ones have sympathy—plenty of that along with the splendid climate, magnificent hotels, unequaled surf bathing, and aristocratic society of Newport. Wash don't seem to appreciate the sympathy, however, while Mademoiselle tells the Governor that Newport always was a humbug, and that her physician absolutely forbids her to remain at the sea-side after the first of September.

If any one can get a moral out of this let them do so. I am not a moral man—I am a Barnacle. I believe in not doing any thing whatever. If Mademoiselle had done nothing, she would have got Brown. If the dowager had done nothing, Mademoiselle would never have flirted so desperately with Wash. What's that you say? If I had done nothing, you would not have been bored with this letter. It is too true. I am astonished at my own vigor. I relapse into activity—am once more only a Barnacle.

# WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

## BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

### BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

Certes, the Lizard is a shy and timorous creature. He runs into chinks and crannies if you come too near to him, and sheds his very tail for fear, if you catch it by the tip. He has not his being in good society—no one cages him, no one pets. He is an idle vagrant. But when he steals through the green herbage, and basks unmolested in the sun, he crowds perhaps as much enjoyment into one summer hour as a parrot, however pampered and erudite, spreads over a whole drawing-room life spent in saying, "How d'ye do?" and "Pretty Poll."

ON that dull and sombre summer morning in which the grandfather and grandchild departed from the friendly roof of Mr. Merle, very dull and very sombre were the thoughts of little Sophy. She walked slowly behind the gray cripple who had need to lean so heavily on his staff, and her eye had not even a smile for the golden buttercups that glittered on dewy meads alongside the barren road.

Thus had they proceeded apart and silent till they had passed the second milestone. There, Waife, rousing from his own reveries, which were perhaps yet more dreary than those of the dejected child, halted abruptly, passed his hand once or twice rapidly over his forehead, and turning round to Sophy, looked into her face with great kindness as she came slowly to his side.

"You are sad, little one?" said he.

"Very sad, Grandy."

"And displeased with me? Yes, displeased that I have taken you suddenly away from the pretty young gentleman who was so kind to you, without encouraging the chance that you were to meet with him again."

"It was not like you, Grandy," answered Sophy; and her under-lip slightly pouted, while the big tears swelled to her eye.

"True," said the vagabond; "any thing resembling common-sense is not like me. But don't you think that I did what I felt was best for you? Must I not have some good cause for it, whenever I have the heart deliberately to vex you?"

Sophy took his hand and pressed it, but she could not trust herself to speak, for she felt that at such effort she would have burst out into hearty crying. Then Waife proceeded to utter many of those wise sayings, old as the hills, and as high above our sorrows as hills are from the valley in which we walk. He said how foolish it was to unsettle the mind by preposterous fancies and impossible hopes. The pretty young gentleman could never be any thing to her, nor she to the pretty young gentleman. It might be very well for the pretty young gentleman to promise to correspond with her, but as soon as he returned to his friends he would have other things to think of, and she would soon be forgotten; while she, on the contrary, would be thinking of him, and the Thames, and the butterflies, and find hard life still more irksome. Of all this, and much more, in the general way of consolers who set out on the principle that grief is a matter of logic, did Gentleman Waife deliver himself with a vigor of ratiocination which admitted of no reply, and conveyed not a particle of comfort. And feeling this, that great Actor—not that he was acting then—suddenly stopped, clasped the child in his arms, and murmured in broken accents—"But if I see you thus cast down, I shall have no strength left to hobble on through the world; and the sooner I lie down, and the dust is shoveled over me, why, the better for you; for it seems that Heaven sends you friends, and I tear you from them."

And then Sophy fairly gave way to her sobs; she twined her little arms round the old man's neck convulsively, kissed his rough face with imploring pathetic fondness, and forced out through her tears, "Don't talk so! I've been ungrateful and wicked. I don't care for any one but my own dear, dear Grandy."

After this little scene they both composed themselves, and felt much lighter of heart. They pursued their journey—no longer apart, but side by side, and the old man leaning, though very lightly, on the child's arm. But there was no immediate reaction from gloom to gayety. Waife began talking in softened under-tones, and vaguely, of his own past afflictions; and partial as was the reference, how vast did the old man's sorrows seem beside the child's regrets; and yet he commented on them as if rather in pitying her state than grieving for his own.

"Ah! at your age, my darling, I had not your troubles and hardships. I had not to trudge these dusty roads on foot with a broken-down, good-for-nothing scatterling. I trod rich carpets, and slept under silken curtains. I took the air in gay carriages—I such a scape-grace—and you, little child—you so good! All gone! all melted away from me, and not able now to be sure that you will have a crust of bread this day week."

"Oh, yes! I shall have bread, and you, too, Grandy!" cried Sophy, with cheerful voice. "It was you who taught me to pray to God, and said that in all your troubles God had been good to you; and He has been so good to me since I prayed to Him; for I have no dreadful Mrs. Crane to beat me now, and say things more hard to bear than beating—and you have taken me to yourself. How I prayed for that! And I take care of you, too, Grandy, don't I? I prayed for *that*, too; and as to carriages," added Sophy, with superb air, "I don't care if I am never in a carriage as long as I live; and you know I *have* been in a van, which is bigger than a carriage, and I didn't like that at all. But how came people to behave so ill to you, Grandy?"

"I never said people behaved ill to me, Sophy."

"Did not they take away the carpets and silk curtains, and all the fine things you had as a little boy?"

"I don't know exactly," replied Waife, with a puzzled look, "that people actually took them away—but they melted away. However, I had much still to be thankful for—I was so strong, and had such high spirits, Sophy, and found people not behaving ill to me—quite the contrary—so kind. I found no Crane (she monster) as you did, my little angel. Such prospects before me, if I had walked straight toward them! But I followed my own fancy, which led me zigzag; and now that I would stray back into the high-road, you see before you a man whom a Justice of the Peace could send to the tread-mill for presuming to live without a livelihood."

SOPHY. "Not without a livelihood? the what did you call it! independent income—that is, the Three Pounds, Grandy?"

WAIFE (admiringly). "Sensible child! That is true. Yes, Heaven *is* very good to me still. Ah! what signifies fortune? How happy I was with my dear Lizzy, and yet no two persons could live more from hand to mouth."

SOPHY (rather jealously). "Lizzy?"

WAIFE (with moistened eyes, and looking down). "My wife. She was only spared to me two years—such sunny years! And how grateful I ought to be that she did not live longer. She was saved—such—such—such shame and misery!" A long pause.

Waife resumed, with a rush from memory, as if plucking himself from the claws of a harpy—"What's the good of looking back! A man's gone self is a dead thing. It is not I—now tramping this road, with you to lean upon—whom I see when I would turn to look behind on that which I once was—it is another being, defunct and buried; and when I say to myself, 'That being did so and so,' it is like reading an epitaph on a tombstone. So, at last, solitary and hopeless, I came back to my own land; and I found you—a blessing greater than I had ever dared to count on. And how was I to maintain you, and take you from that long-nosed alligator called Crane, and put you in womanly, gentle hands, for I never thought then of subjecting you to all you have since undergone with me. I who did not know one useful thing in life by which a man can turn a penny. And then, as I was all alone in a village ale-house, on my way back from—it does not signify from what, or from whence, but I was disappointed and despairing—Providence mercifully threw in my way—Mr. Rugge—and ordained me to be of great service to that ruffian—and that ruffian of great use to me."

SOPHY. "Ah! how was that?"

WAIFE. "It was Fair-time in the village where-in I stopped, and Rugge's principal actor was taken off by *delirium tremens*, which is Latin for a disease common to men who eat little and drink much. Rugge came into the ale-house, bemoaning his loss. A bright thought struck me. Once in my day I had been used to acting. I offered to try my chance on Mr. Rugge's stage; he caught at me—I at him. I succeeded; we came to terms, and my little Sophy was thus taken from that ringleted crocodile, and placed with Christian females who wore caps and read their Bible. Is not Heaven good to us, Sophy—and to me, too—me, such a scamp?"

"And you did all that—suffered all that for me?"

"Suffered—but I liked it. And, besides, I must have done something; and there were reasons—in short, I was quite happy—no, not actually happy, but comfortable and merry. Providence gives thick hides to animals that must exist in cold climates; and to the man whom it reserves for sorrow, Providence gives a coarse, jovial temper. Then, when by a mercy I was saved from what I most disliked and dreaded, and never would have thought of but that I fancied it might be a help to you—I mean the London stage—and had that bad accident on the railway, how did it end? Oh! in saving you (and Waife closed his eyes and shuddered)—in saving your destiny from what might be much worse for you, body and soul, than the worst that has happened to you with me. And so we have been thrown together; and so you have supported me; and so, when we could exist without Mr. Rugge, Providence got rid of him for us. And so we are now walking along the high-road; and through yonder trees you can catch a peep of the roof under which we are about to rest for a while; and there you will learn what I have done with the Three Pounds!"

"It is not the Spotted Boy, Grandy?"

"No," said Waife, sighing; "the Spotted Boy is a handsome income; but let us only trust in Providence, and I should not wonder if our new acquisition proved a monstrous—"

"Monstrous!"

"Piece of good fortune."

### CHAPTER II.

The Investment revealed.

GENTLEMAN Waife passed through a turnstile, down a narrow lane, and reached a solitary cottage. He knocked at the door; an old peasant woman opened it, and dropped him a civil courtesy. "Indeed, Sir, I am glad you are come. I'se most afeard he be dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Waife. "Oh, Sophy, if he should be dead!"

"Who?"

Waife did not heed the question. "What makes you think him dead?" said he, fumbling in his pockets, from which he at last produced a key. "You have not been disobeying my strict orders, and tampering with the door?"

"Lor' love ye, no, Sir. But he made such a noise a fust—awful! And now he's as still as a corpse. And I did peep through the keyhole, and he was stretched stark."

"Hunger, perhaps," said the Comedian; "'tis his way when he has been kept fasting much over his usual hours. Follow me, Sophy." He put aside the woman, entered the sanded kitchen, ascended a stair that led from it; and Sophy following, stopped at a door and listened: not a sound. Timidly he unlocked the portals and crept in, when, suddenly, such a rush—such a spring, and a mass of something vehement yet soft, dingy yet whitish, whirled past the Actor, and came pounce against Sophy, who therewith uttered a shriek. "Stop him, stop him, for Heaven's sake!" cried Waife. "Shut the door below—seize him!" Down stairs, however, went the mass, and down stairs after it hobbled Waife, returning in a few moments with the recaptured and mysterious fugitive. "There," he cried, triumphantly, to Sophy, who, standing against the wall with her face buried in her frock, long refused to look up—"there—tame as a lamb, and knows me. See"—he seated himself on the floor, and Sophy, hesitatingly opening her eyes, beheld gravely gazing at her from under a profusion of shaggy locks an enormous—

### CHAPTER III.

Dénouement.

POODLE!

### CHAPTER IV.

Zoology in connection with History.

"WALK to that young lady, Sir—walk, I say." The poodle slowly rose on his hind-legs, and, with an aspect inexpressibly solemn, advanced toward Sophy, who hastily receded into the room in which the creature had been confined.

"Make a bow—*no*—a *bow*, Sir; that is right: you can shake hands another time. Run down, Sophy, and ask for his dinner."

"Yes—that I will;" and Sophy flew down the stairs.

The dog, still on his hind-legs, stood in the centre of the floor, dignified, but evidently expectant.

"That will do; lie down and die. Die this moment, Sir." The dog stretched himself out, closed his eyes, and to all appearance gave up the ghost. "A most splendid investment," said Waife, with enthusiasm; "and, upon the whole, dog-cheap. Ho! *you* are not to bring up his dinner; it is not you who are to make friends with the dog; it is my little girl; send her up; Sophy, Sophy."

"She be fritted, Sir," said the woman, holding a plate of canine comestibles; "but lauk, Sir; ben't he really dead?"

"Sophy, Sophy."

"Please let me stay here, Grandy," said Sophy's voice from the foot of the stairs.

"Nonsense! it is sixteen hours since he has had a morsel to eat. And he will never bite the hand that feeds him now. Come up, I say."

Sophy slowly reascended, and Waife, summoning the poodle to life, insisted upon the child's feeding him. And indeed, when that act of charity was performed, the dog evinced his gratitude by a series of unsophisticated bounds and waggings of the tail, which gradually removed Sophy's apprehensions, and laid the foundation for that intimate friendship, which is the natural relation between child and dog.

"And how did you come by him?" asked Sophy; "and is this really the—the INVESTMENT?"

"Shut the door carefully, but see first that the woman is not listening. Lie down, Sir, there, at the feet of the young lady. Good dog. How did I come by him? I will tell you. The first day we arrived at the village which we have just left, I went into the tobacconist's. While I was buying my ounce of canaster, that dog entered the shop. In his mouth was a sixpence wrapped in paper. He lifted himself on his hind-legs, and laid his missive on the counter. The shopwoman—you know her, Mrs. Traill—unfolded the paper and read the order. 'Clever dog that, Sir,' said she. 'To fetch and carry?' said I, indifferently. 'More than that, Sir; you shall see. The order is for two-penn'orth of snuff. The dog knows he is to take back fourpence. I will give him a penny short.' So she took the sixpence and gave the dog threepence out of it. The dog shook his head and looked gravely into her face. 'That's all you'll get,' said she. The dog shook his head again, and tapped his paw once on the counter, as much as to say, 'I am not to be done—a penny more, if you please.' 'If you won't take that, you shall have nothing,' said Mrs. Traill, and she took back the threepence."

"Dear! and what did the dog do then—snarl or bite?"

"Not so; he knew he was in his rights, and did not lower himself by showing bad temper. The dog looked quietly round, saw a basket which contained two or three pounds of candles lying in a corner for the shopboy to take to some customer; took up the basket in his mouth, and turned tail, as much as to say, 'Tit for tat then.' He understood, you see, what is called the 'law of reprisals.' 'Come back this moment,' cried Mrs. Traill. The dog walked out of the shop; then she ran after him, and counted the fourpence before him, on which he dropped the basket, picked up the right change, and went off demurely. 'To whom does that poodle belong?' said I. 'To a poor drunken man,' said Mrs. Traill; 'I wish it was in better hands.' 'So do I, ma'am,' answered I. 'Did he teach it?' 'No, it was taught by his brother, who was an old soldier, and died in his house two weeks ago. It knows a great many tricks, and is quite young. It might make a fortune as a show, Sir.' So I was thinking. I inquired the owner's address, called on him, and found him disposed to sell the dog. But he asked £3, a sum that seemed out of the question then. Still I kept the dog in my eye; called every day to make friends with it, and ascertain its capacities. And at last, thanks to you, Sophy, I bought the dog; and what is more, as soon as I had two golden sovereigns to show, I got him for that sum, and we have still £1 left (besides small savings from our lost salaries) to go to the completion of his education, and the advertisement of his merits. I kept this a secret from Merle—from all. I would not even let the drunken owner know where I took the dog to yesterday. I brought it here, where, I learned in the village, there were two rooms to let—locked it up—and my story is told."

"But why keep it such a secret?"

"Because I don't want Rugge to trace us. He might do one a mischief; because I have a grand project of genteel position and high prices for the exhibition of that dog. And why should it be known where we come from, or what we were? And because, if the owner knew where to find the dog, he might decoy it back from us. Luckily, he had not made the dog so fond of him but what, unless it be decoyed, it will accustom itself to us. And now I propose that we should stay a week or so here, and devote ourselves exclusively to developing the native powers of this gifted creature. Get out the dominoes."

"What is his name?"

"Ha! that is the first consideration. What shall be his name?"

"Has not he one already?"

"Yes—trivial and unattractive—Mop! In private life it might pass. But in public life—give a dog a bad name, and hang him. Mop, indeed!"

Therewith Mop, considering himself appealed to, rose and stretched himself.

"Right," said Gentleman Waife; "stretch yourself; you decidedly require it."

### CHAPTER V.

Mop becomes a Personage. Much thought is bestowed on the verbal dignities, without which a Personage would become a Mop. The importance of names is apparent in all history. If Augustus had called himself king, Rome would have risen against him as a Tarquin; so he remained a simple equestrian, and modestly called himself Imperator. Mop chooses his own title in a most mysterious manner, and ceases to be Mop.

"THE first noticeable defect in your name of Mop," said Gentleman Waife, "is, as you yourself denote, the want of elongation. Monosyllables are not imposing, and in striking compositions their meaning is elevated by periphrasis; that is to say, Sophy, that what before was a short truth, an elegant author elaborates into a long stretch."

"Certainly," said Sophy, thoughtfully; "I don't think the name of Mop would draw! Still he is very like a Mop."

"For that reason the name degrades him the more, and lowers him from an intellectual phenomenon to a physical attribute, which is vulgar. I hope that that dog will enable us to rise in the Scale of Being. For whereas we in acting could only command a threepenny audience—reserved seats a shilling—he may aspire to half-crowns and dress-boxes, that is, if we can hit on a name which inspires respect. Now, although the dog is big, it is not by his size that he is to become famous, or we might call him Hercules or Goliah; neither is it by his beauty, or Adonis would not be unsuitable. It is by his superior sagacity and wisdom. And there I am puzzled to find his prototype among mortals; for, perhaps, it may be my ignorance of history—"

"You ignorant, indeed, grandfather!"

"But considering the innumerable millions who have lived on the earth, it is astonishing how few I can call to mind who have left behind them a proverbial renown for wisdom. There is, indeed, Solomon, but he fell off at the last; and as he belongs to sacred history, we must not take a liberty with his name. Who is there very, very, very wise besides Solomon? Think, Sophy—profane history."

SOPHY (after a musing pause). "Puss in Boots."

"Well, he *was* wise; but then he was not human; he was a cat. Ha! Socrates. Shall we call him Socrates, Socrates, Socrates?"

SOPHY. "Socrates, Socrates."

Mop yawned.

WAIFE. "He don't take to Socrates—prosy!"

SOPHY. "Ah, Mr. Merle's book about the Brazen Head, *Friar Bacon!* He must have been very wise."

WAIFE. "Not bad; mysterious, but not recondite; historical, yet familiar. What does Mop say to it? Friar, Friar, Friar Bacon, Sir—Friar."

SOPHY (coaxingly). "Friar."

Mop, evidently conceiving that appeal is made to some other personage, canine or human, not present, rouses up, walks to the door, smells at the chink, returns, shakes his head, and rests on his haunches, eying his two friends superciliously.

SOPHY. "He does not take to that name."

WAIFE. "He has his reasons for it; and, indeed, there are many worthy persons who disapprove of any thing that savors of magical practices. Mop intimates that, on entering public life, one should beware of offending the respectable prejudices of a class."

Mr. Waife then, once more resorting to the recesses of scholastic memory, plucked therefrom, somewhat by the head and shoulders, sundry names reverenced in a by-gone age. He thought of the seven wise men of Greece, but could only recall the nomenclature of two out of the seven—a sad proof of the distinction between collegiate fame and popular renown. He called Thales; he called Bion. Mop made no response. "Wonderful intelligence!" said Waife; "he knows that Thales and Bion would not draw!—obsolete."

Mop was equally mute to Aristotle. He pricked up his ears at Plato, perhaps because the sound was not wholly dissimilar from that of Ponto—a name of which he might have had vague reminiscences. The Romans not having cultivated an original philosophy, though they contrived to produce great men without it, Waife passed by that perished people. He crossed to China, and tried Confucius. Mop had evidently never heard of him. "I am at the end of my list, so far as the wise men are concerned," said Waife, wiping his forehead. "If Mop were to distinguish himself by valor, one would find heroes by the dozen—Achilles, and Hector, and Julius Cæsar, and Pompey, and Bonaparte, and Alexander the Great, and the Duke of Marlborough. Or, if he wrote poetry, we could fit him to a hair. But wise men certainly are scarce, and when one has hit on a wise man's name, it is so little known to the vulgar that it would carry no more weight with it than Spot or Toby. But necessarily some name the dog must have, and take to, sympathetically."

Sophy meanwhile had extracted the dominoes from Waife's bundle, and with the dominoes an alphabet and a multiplication-table in printed capitals. As the Comedian's one eye rested upon the last, he exclaimed, "But after all, Mop's great strength will probably be in arithmetic, and the science of numbers is the root of all wisdom. Besides, every man, high and low, wants to make a fortune, and associations connected with addition and multiplication are always pleasing. Who, then, is the sage at computation most universally known? Unquestionably *Cocker!* He must take to that—Cocker, Cocker (commandingly), C-o-c-k-e-r," with persuasive sweetness.

Mop looked puzzled; he put his head first on one side, then the other.

SOPHY (with mellifluous endearment). "Cocker, good Cocker; Cocker dear."

BOTH. "Cocker, Cocker, Cocker!"

Excited and bewildered, Mop put up his head, and gave vent to his perplexities in a long and lugubrious howl, to which certainly none who heard it could have desired addition or multiplication.

"Stop this instant, Sir—stop; I shoot you! You are dead—down!" Waife adjusted his staff to his shoulder gun-wise; and at the word of command, Down, Mop was on his side, stiff and lifeless. "Still," said Waife, "a name connected with profound calculation would be the most appropriate; for instance, Sir Isaac—"

Before the comedian could get out the word Newton, Mop had sprung to his four feet, and, with wagging tail and wriggling back, evinced a sense of beatified recognition.

"Astounding!" said Waife, rather awed. "Can it be the name? Impossible. Sir Isaac, Sir Isaac!"

"Bow wow!" answered Mop, joyously.

"If there be any truth in the doctrine of metempsychosis!" faltered Gentleman Waife, "if the great Newton could have transmigrated into that incomparable animal. Newton, Newton." To that name Mop made no obeisance, but, evidently still restless, walked round the room, smelling at every corner, and turning to look back with inquisitive earnestness at his new master.

"He does not seem to catch at the name of Newton," said Waife, trying it thrice again, and vainly, "and yet he seems extremely well versed in the principle of gravity. Sir Isaac!" The dog bounded toward him, put his paws on his shoulders, and licked his face. "Just cut out those figures carefully, my dear, and see if we can get him to tell us how much twice ten are—I mean by addressing him as Sir Isaac."

Sophy cut the figures from the multiplication-table, and arranged them, at Waife's instruction, in a circle on the floor. "Now, Sir Isaac." Mop lifted a paw, and walked deliberately round the letters. "Now, Sir Isaac, how much are ten times two?" Mop deliberately made his survey and calculation, and pausing at twenty stooped, and took the letters in his mouth.

"It is not natural," cried Sophy, much alarmed. "It must be wicked, and I'd rather have nothing to do with it, please."

"Silly child. He was but obeying my sign. He had been taught that trick already under the name of Mop. The only strange thing is, that he should do it also under the name of Sir Isaac, and much more cheerfully too. However, whether he has been the great Newton or not, a live dog is better than a dead lion. But it is clear that, in acknowledging the name of Sir Isaac, he does not encourage us to take that of Newton—and he is right; for it might be thought unbecoming to apply to an animal, however extraordinary, who, by the severity of fortune is compelled to exhibit his talents for a small pecuniary reward, the family name of so great a philosopher. Sir Isaac, after all, is a vague appellation—any dog has a right to be Sir Isaac—Newton may be left conjectural. Let us see if we can add to our arithmetical information. Look at me, Sir Isaac." Sir Isaac looked, and grinned affectionately; and under that title learned a new combination with a facility that might have relieved Sophy's mind of all superstitious belief that the philosopher was resuscitated in the dog, had she known that in life that great master of calculations the most abstruse could not accurately cast up a simple sum in addition. Nothing brought him to the end of his majestic tether like dot and carry one. Notable type of our human incompleteness, where men might deem our studies had made us most complete. Notable type, too, of that grandest order of all human genius which seems to arrive at results by intuition, which a child might pose by a row of figures on a slate—while it is solving the laws that link the stars to infinity. But *revenons à nos moutons*, what the astral attraction that incontestably bound the reminiscences of Mop to the cognominal distinction of Sir Isaac? I had prepared a very erudite and subtle treatise upon this query, enlivened by quotations from the ancient Mystics—such as Iamblichus and Proclus, as well as by a copious reference to the doctrine of the more modern Spiritualists, from Sir Kenelm Digby and Swedenborg, to Monsieur Cahagnet and Judge Edmonds: it was to be called Inquiry into the Law of Affinities, by Philomopsos: when, unluckily for my treatise, I arrived at the knowledge of a fact which, though it did not render the treatise less curious, knocked on the head the theory upon which it was based. The baptismal name of the old soldier, Mop's first proprietor and earliest preceptor, was Isaac; and his master being called in the homely household by that Christian name, the sound had entered into Mop's youngest and most endeared associations. His canine affections had done much toward ripening his scholastic education. "Where is Isaac?" "Call Isaac!" "Fetch Isaac his hat," etc., etc. Stilled was that name when the old soldier died; but when heard again, Mop's heart was moved, and in missing the old master, he felt more at home with the new. As for the title, "Sir," it was a mere expletive in his ears. Such was the fact, and such the deduction to be drawn from it. Not that it will satisfy every one. I know that philosophers who deny all that they have not witnessed, and refuse to witness what they resolve to deny, will reject the story *in toto;* and will prove, by reference to their own dogs, that a dog never recognizes the name of his master—never yet could be taught arithmetic. I know also that there are Mystics who will prefer to believe that Mop was in direct spiritual communication with unseen Isaacs, or in a state of clairvoyance, or under the influence of the odic fluid. But did we ever yet find in human reason a question with only one side to it? Is not truth a polygon? Have not sages arisen in our day to deny even the principle of gravity, for which we had been so long contentedly taking the word of the great Sir Isaac? It is that blessed spirit of controversy which keeps the world going; and it is that which, perhaps, explains why Mr. Waife, when his memory was fairly put to it, could remember, out of the history of the myriads who have occupied our planet from the date of Adam to that in which I now write, so very few men whom the world will agree to call wise, and out of that very few so scant a percentage with names sufficiently known to make them more popularly significant of preeminent sagacity than if they had been called—Mops.

## SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea
 More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
 But keep sailing to and fro.
I have seen them, in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tatter'd sails and batter'd hulls,
While around them scream'd the gulls,
 Flying low, flying low.

I have wonder'd why they staid
 From me, sailing round the world;
And I've said, "I'm half afraid
 That their sails will ne'er be furl'd."
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold,
While the spices which they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
 As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port
 Knows that I have ships at sea;
Of the waves and winds the sport,
 And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
'Till I put my fears aside,
And contented watch the tide
 Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
 Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights, for many years,
 'Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
 One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
 Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
 Up the bay my ships will sail.
I can buy then all I need,
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Every thing except a heart.
 That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,
 Poorer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
 Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine,
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me,
 Evermore, evermore.

## MODERN LEPROSY.

THE great diseases of the Middle Ages, such as the sweating sickness, the various forms of plague, the dancing mania, and other epidemics, have had this much in common, that, although they exhibited for a long period a disposition to break out afresh under favorable circumstances, they at length so completely disappeared, that mankind have come to regard them more in the light of medical curiosities than as great afflictions which devastated the most fertile and populous regions of the earth. There was, however, a malady—endemic all over Europe from the tenth to the sixteenth century, not characterized, like epidemics, by rapidity of attack or excessive mortality, yet regarded, if possible, with still greater alarm. This disease, the leprosy, long supposed to have become extinct, has suddenly of late years assumed a fresh activity; and as many distinguished physicians maintain that a general outbreak is now imminent, some account of it may not be uninteresting.

The old leprosy, made familiar to us from the important position it occupies in the hygienic code of the Jews, prevailed for more than 500 years on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, and in Ireland. Its treatment forms rather an interesting chapter in the history of civilization. In many countries, the unhappy subjects of the disease were looked upon with extreme aversion. Their affliction was considered the effect of an especial vengeance of God, for grievous sins committed by themselves or their forefathers; and oftener than once, during the existence of a panic attendant upon a violent epidemic, large numbers of helpless lepers, on a charge of having poisoned the wells, were barbarously put to death. In other countries, again, a treatment the very opposite was pursued. Kings thought it a privilege to wash their sores, and no gift was considered more expiatory of sin before Heaven, than bequeathing a munificent gift to a leper hospital.

The condition of the leper, even in the most civilized countries, was extremely sad. In addition to the inconvenience of his loathsome and incurable malady, he was prevented using any means for his own support: such property as he might have owned was taken from him; the law classed him with idiots and lunatics; and a belief in the contagious nature of his malady led to his perpetual seclusion. The hospitals or leper houses provided for their retreat were very numerous; there was scarcely a town of any size without an establishment of this sort. Some, richly endowed, were exclusively devoted to the leprous, and placed under the jurisdiction of special officers; others, again, were attached to monasteries, and subject to ecclesiastical supervision. Lazar houses of both kinds abounded in Europe.

Leprosy, however, as we have said, has begun to develop itself anew. It exists at this moment in different parts of the world, but is especially prevalent in the West Indies and in Norway. Out of the comparatively small population of Norway, there are upwards of 2000 lepers. Occasional cases make their appearance nearer home.

There are two varieties of the modern or existing disease—the tubercular, and the anæsthetic or joint form. The former is much more common, and unfortunately almost hopelessly incurable. It presents the most characteristic type of the disease, giving that painful appearance to the countenance which has in all ages made "the hoar leprosy" so repulsive. The spots generally show themselves first on the face, but by no means uniformly there. Their color varies from a glistening white to a dark blue. As the disease advances, and the peculiar morbid deposit enters more extensively into the system, the beard, eyebrows, and eyelids fall out, the voice grows affected, and the sight becomes seriously impaired. These symptoms are constantly aggravated by depression of spirits, until at length, after the invasion of different important internal organs, death releases the sufferer. The average duration of this form of leprosy is about ten years—a prolongation of life we may probably ascribe to the immunity of the bones from the disease, an immunity that among other advantages permits mastication, and in consequence, so far leaves the function of digestion unimpaired.

The other, or anæsthetic variety, affects the joints of the hands and feet, and is characterized by a numbness of those parts. Not unfrequently, if the disease be about to develop itself in the upper extremity, the patient complains of a cold feeling, extending from the elbow downward. Wasting of the affected muscles ensues, and the patient becomes unable to put on a glove or to use a needle. The disease speedily attacks the osseous texture below, and a joint is often removed with the neatness of a surgical operation. Very frequently this form of leprosy is arrested in its progress, and the patient recovers with a maimed foot or hand. In other cases, again, the disease goes on to develop itself in more vital parts.

There is no especial age at which either variety shows a tendency to appear. The disease has been noticed alike in childhood and at advanced age. In the West Indies the white population is much less liable to it than the natives or the Jews. Women also seem to possess a greater immunity than men.

Leprosy is a disease essentially dependent upon a blood-poison, belonging to the large class of which scrofula, cancer, and rheumatism are representatives. It unfortunately further resembles these in the difficulty of its cure. Almost every article of the pharmacopœia has been employed for this purpose, yet a specific remains to be discovered. But although incurable, it is satisfactory to be assured that the great source of terror in earlier ages—namely, dread of its communication by contagion—is completely groundless. Repeated observations have established this important fact. At the same time, the hereditary character, or as medical men say, the hereditary *tendency* to the disease is not denied. It is not unfrequently seen to pass over one generation, reappearing with fresh vigor in the next.

We are quite as ignorant of the causes of leprosy as of its treatment. With respect to other diseases whose cure frequently baffles medical science, we have almost invariably some acquaintance with their predisposing causes. We know that exposure to infection, deficiency of certain articles of food, breathing a polluted atmosphere, predispose respectively to typhus fever, scurvy, and cholera. But no peculiarity of climate, atmosphere, or diet satisfactorily accounts for the decay in one age or the development in another of the leprous poison.

That this disease, like all others, has its own natural laws, which, though undiscovered, we can not regard as capricious, is undoubted; and we trust that the increasing attention to it now excited among medical men and physiologists may lead to an early discovery of them. Meanwhile, with all our uncertainty, we may confidently assert that attention to the general principles of hygiene will be found by communities and individuals the most effectual preventives, should the apprehended outbreak of this disease unhappily occur.

## BONDS AND MORTGAGES.

THE prettiest girl in all this land
 I do believe in Norwich is,
And it's said that whoever wins her hand
 Will be rich—in Bonds and Mortgages.

Her father he died, as 'twas known he would,
 The richest of all the Aldriches,
And the daughter she mourned as long as she could,
 —Considering the Bonds and Mortgages.

And this is the girl that I'm sighing for,
 Though judge of me what her knowledge is,
When she thinks it's not *her* I am dying for,
 But only her Bonds and Mortgages!

And she says that I ought to blush for shame,
 And that my conduct very hoggish is,
To ask a young maiden to change her name
 On account of her Bonds and Mortgages.

Moreover she vows she'll ne'er marry a man,
 Though he have all the lore of the colleges,
Unless two dollars he has to her one
 Invested in Bonds and Mortgages.

And I know a rich bachelor who lives near by,
 And knows right well where his porridge is,
Who vows that young lady he has in his eye,
 And will buy her with Bonds and Mortgages.

But I'll go to her now and, in language bold,
 Will tell her what love in a cottage is,
And that the heart knows little of silver and gold,
 And nothing of Bonds and Mortgages.

## HOME THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST IN PARIS.

EVERY body has heard of Home (or Hume, as his name is often incorrectly written), the famous Spiritualist, who has made such a sensation at Paris. His name has for months been a household word in the letters of Paris correspondents. We give below a very accurate likeness of him, taken from a photograph, and proceed to sketch, from materials furnished by this singular man and by his friends, the salient points of his career. It may be added that the narrative is written from Mr. Home's own point of view, without inquiry into the theory of Spiritualism, which he assumes as a matter of course.

The obscurity in which he tries to envelop himself has suffered but few details of his life to see the light. We know that he is of Scotch birth, and claims descent from the famous Scottish Homes. Many years ago circumstances obliged him to quit his native land; he emigrated to this country, and settled in Massachusetts. He was living there, on a moderate competency, when the "Rochester knockings" first attracted public attention. He describes the effect on himself as having led him to dwell on trivial circumstances which he had hitherto neglected—strange noises, which surrounded him when he was abed; sounds which he heard under tables when he was dining, and even still more surprising evidences of animation in inert matter by which he was surrounded. He had noticed these things before, but without care; he was a sickly, nervous youth, and was quite ready to believe his friends when they assured him that the marvels he heard were the mere effects of his disordered fancy. But when other persons came forward and asserted that they too had heard sounds, and seen inert matter move without physical agency, he declared at once that he was not deluded, but that he too was a Spiritualist.

He became, in fact, one of the most successful "mediums" of Boston. Having no desire for notoriety or need of money, he did not practice in public, but very frequently indulged his friends with an exhibition of turning tables, dancing chairs, peripatetic chandeliers, etc.

His health continuing to be bad, he was directed by his physician to travel in Europe. He went to Florence, and there, for the first time, his wonderful performances began to attract public attention. He gave several public *soirées*, at which credible witnesses assert that they saw heavy tables move, immense candlesticks dance from one chimney-piece to another, bells ring, and inert matter generally act as though it was possessed of remarkable animation, at the command of this wonderful youth. More than this: in the drawing-room of a noble family in Florence he is reported to have compelled a piano to play a magnificent sonata without a performer, and to have taken away from every lady in the room the pocket-handkerchief she wore, in spite of her efforts to retain it.

Of course he became the lion of the day. Of course no one was fêted like the wonderful Home. Immense bets were made on his performances; the greatest *savans* of Italy gathered to discuss the principles of his feats; foreigners and natives could think of nothing else than the incredible power possessed by this *blond* young man. To do Home justice, he did not seek to make money out of his success, and his fame wearied him so much that he suddenly left Florence, and took up his abode at Rome. There he seems to have wished to shake off his seemingly supernatural faculty. He busied himself in sight-seeing. He wandered through long galleries of paintings, and spent day after day in churches; he put his Latin to the test in deciphering old inscriptions on crumbling ruins. But it was all in vain. On the walls of the St. Peter's, on the broken arches of the Colosseum—go where he would, the raps followed him. They woke him in the morning; they startled him while he was meditating some fallen monument; they disturbed his admiration of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Raphael; they preceded him along the Corso on his return home; they were the last sound he heard at night. He declares that the impossibility of shaking off his weird, unearthly companions almost drove him mad.

At Florence one of his most fervent admirers had been a young lady of English family and great wealth. She, too, believed that she was a medium; she saw a tutor in Home, and opened her heart to him with candor. He took pity upon her, and earnestly urged her to busy herself in other avocations, and especially to avoid him, whose career on this earth was destined to be very short. He kept out of her way in public. The remedy was generous, but unwise. The young girl's passion for Home grew more intense from day to day; she believed that the spirits had ordered her to marry him; she spent her life in trying to meet him. If she but saw the shadow of his figure on the wall of a house she was happy.

She was beautiful, and had many suitors. Her family desired her to marry. She had, in past time, encouraged a countryman of her own, who was madly in love with her.

He soon discovered that her heart was lost to him, and, in the first agony of his discovery, rushed to Home to pick a quarrel with him.

He found a pale, sickly, melancholy youth, scarce arrived at manhood, who bade him be seated.

"Sir," said Home, in a low, gentle voice, "you need not explain the motive of your visit. I deplore the circumstance which has distressed you more even than yourself. I fear that the lady is past hope. But I would give half the short life that I have to spend here to see you happy with her."

He said this with such earnestness and evident pain, that his visitor was speechless for a moment. Then:

"But, Mr. Home, how did you know—"

"The object of your visit? That could have been divined without supernatural aid. Suffice it now to say that I leave for Rome in a day or two, and it will rest with yourself and the lady's friends to divert her mind from the dangerous pursuit in which she is engaged."

He left accordingly, as we said. Within two weeks after his arrival in the Eternal City his servant announced that a *povera* young woman was waiting in the ante-chamber of the apartment he had taken in an old palace. Home went out to meet her, and met—as he had but too strongly suspected—the English heiress of Florence. She had left her friends, and wandered all through Rome to find him.

This was no time or place for *retenue*. She threw herself into his arms, and, with many sobs, protested that she would never leave him.

There was an American family at Rome with which Home was acquainted. He led the imprudent girl to the hotel where this family lived, and introducing her as a young lady who was accidentally separated from her family, obtained for her a room under the protection of the American lady.

He says that this was the most agonizing moment of his life. Of her love he could not doubt; but he was beginning to have doubts about himself. He began to be afraid that he was in love with her. Then, as to Spiritualism. He felt satisfied that no worse mishap could befall her than to become a Spiritualist. How could she be cured of this? How could he be cured of the feeling which his apprehensions of an early death led him to regard as absolutely dishonorable?

The spirits, he says, directed him to seek counsel of religion. He obeyed. Day after day he took her, alone, to the dark arches of the solemn old churches of the early Christians, and talked to her of the grand truths of our blessed religion. His heart swelled with his subject, and he spoke with thrilling eloquence of the sublime mysteries and the divine consolations of the Faith. The place, the scene, the dim light through the painted windows, the solemn stillness of the old churches, the exciting associations of the spot, all contributed to rouse their enthusiasm. Day after day the lovers sat for hours, hand in hand, weeping, and talking on this single topic—Home would not speak of Spiritualism.

The fit of enthusiasm lasted for weeks—at the end of which time both, by common consent, were baptized in St. Peter's, and became members of the Roman Catholic Church.

The subsequent events of Home's stay at Rome followed each other with the rapidity of scenes in a drama.

One morning she told him that the spirits had revealed to her that he would never marry her.

"And you intend to destroy yourself?"

"I do."

"I love you!"

It was the first time he had said the words to her. For months this poor girl had been consumed by her fierce love for him. She had seen him daily. Her life had been a closed book when he was not by her side. She had sacrificed every thing for him. The intensity of her passion, the terrible excitement she had gone through, her religious fervor, the struggle which preceded her "conversion," had worn her out. Hope, so long deferred, could not now be gratified!

She sank at his feet, murmuring, "At last! Oh! Heaven!" and fainted away. He had her taken to the house of the kind lady who had given her a home; procured her the best medical advice that could be obtained; watched by her himself with the tenderness of a woman; scoffed at the warnings of the doctors who bade him take care of his own life; and when the last hour came, and the spirits, in answer to his call, knocked "ten" as the number of minutes she had to live, he cursed himself in his despair.

A very strange circumstance is said to have now befallen him. Some months before, at the desire of several Cardinals and other dignitaries, he had given a private exhibition in presence of about a hundred of the principal persons of Rome. At this exhibition he summoned the shades of several deceased Popes, among others that of the famous Hildebrand, who sent such terrible messages to his successor and the Cardinals, and inveighed in such furious language against the corruptions of the time, that several of the spectators fell quaking on their knees, and began to exorcise the Evil One, who, they felt convinced, was among them. Others actually plucked up their robes and left the room in their affright.

The consequence of this evening's performance was a bull from His Holiness, anathematizing the Spiritualists, and pronouncing all kinds of penalties against whomsoever should hereafter presume to invoke the shades of the dead.

Home laughed at the bull, but gave no more exhibitions. In private, however, his communications with the spirits were more frequent than ever. During the long struggle which ended in the death of the romantic lady who had loved him so passionately, not an hour passed without communications from his familiars.

But from the hour of her death the raps ceased. He was puzzled at the phenomenon, and sought to evoke them; without success. He tried to move furniture; he could not. He attempted other feats heretofore simple and familiar; failed in all. Virtue had departed from him.

A matter-of-fact observer might conclude from this that the nervous over-excitation to which his former fancies were due had been cured by the shock of this lady's death. We have begun, however, to tell the story from Home's own point of view, and without discussing the truth of his statements—but leaving the reader to the guidance of his own common sense—we continue the narrative.

For several months Home enjoyed pretty good health, and was not troubled by the spirits. He went to Paris, and obtained the entry of the best society. His fame had preceded him, and he became a lion. Ladies' heads were turned by the fair young man, whose expression was so melancholy and whose smile was so sweet; who seemed, as they said, to be so wrapped up in the contemplation of the realities of another life that he could not dwell upon the vanities of the passing world. He was so gentle, his manners were so aristocratic, his heart so pure, that all who knew him loved him. Many and many a fair Parisian lady lost her heart to him, and sued—but sued in vain—for the solace of his society.

On 10th February last he was startled from his sleep by the well-known sound of raps on the wall. They came thick and heavy. He declares that it was his mother who visited him, and that she told him his power had been suspended as a punishment for his love. She reminded him that his brief career on earth must be free from earthly love—that he must think of the future life he was approaching, and of that only.

His "supernatural power" returned with even more intensity than formerly. He gave exhibitions to private circles of the aristocracy, and convinced several among the most skeptical. The Emperor was at last induced to see him. He claims to be an *esprit fort*, and laughed at the spirits.

When they were assembled the spirit of the elder Napoleon was evoked, and in reply to questions, communicated facts which thunderstruck all who were present, the Emperor alone excepted.

"Bah!" said his Majesty, "a careful study of my uncle's writings might enable any clever person to forge these answers."

"Would your Majesty grant me a private audience of a quarter of an hour?" asked the young medium.

"Certainly," was the smiling reply. "Come to-morrow morning at ten. We shall see if we can not exorcise these spirits."

What passed at that private interview is not known. It has been surmised that the spirit who was evoked on that occasion was that of Napoleon's brother, whose death is clouded in so much mystery; and from the fact that the Emperor fell into a deep melancholy when the "medium" was gone, it has been conjectured that his Majesty did not find his exorcising operations a laughing matter.

Public rumor, indeed, asserts that on the following day Napoleon offered a million to Home for "his secret," but that the young man informed his Majesty that he knew no more of the secret than any one else; that he surmised that his supernatural powers were due to his infirm health and approaching death, as he had noticed that the raps increased when he was worst, and diminished in number and intensity as he grew better; but that he knew nothing of the matter.

One of the most ardent proselytes of Home is the Empress. She had him constantly at her apartments, and was so intimate with him that the wicked tongue of Paris was soon busy with scandal. It is whispered that the scenes which led to the temporary exile of Madame Castiglione from court were occasioned by certain revelations made by Home. At all events, the Emperor at last disapproved of his wife's intercourse with the dangerous wizard, and forbade her to see him more. It is understood that he still vaticinates for her benefit through the aid of one of her ladies of honor.

Some time since an accident nearly put an end to his frail life. It should be said, by way of preface, that the exercise of his supernatural faculties is very exhausting to Home; that he often falls senseless at the close of an exhibition, and lies for hours without sense or motion.

He was giving an exhibition to several of the most distinguished members of the court, when a well-known soldier and peer exclaimed,

"This is all very well, Monsieur Home. You make Socrates talk, but can you make him appear before us?"

"Certainly not," replied the medium.

"Oh, you have something to learn, then. I can."

The company, of course, burst into exclamations, and surrounded the gallant officer, who, with seeming modesty, tried to excuse himself, alleging that he had learned the art of raising the dead among the Arabs, and objected to practice it in public. Feigning to yield to the public entreaty after awhile, he requested Home to evoke the spirit of Socrates again by his method.

The raps declared that the philosopher was there.

"Now," said the General, "shade of Socrates, I command thee to appear!"

There was a dead silence for a moment. The gas fell; the room began to look weird; the ladies trembled; all eyes were fixed on the door, where, to the general consternation, presently appeared the well-known figure of the Athenian sage with his snub nose, and goggle eyes, and Greek dress.

"I am here!" said he, in a sepulchral voice.

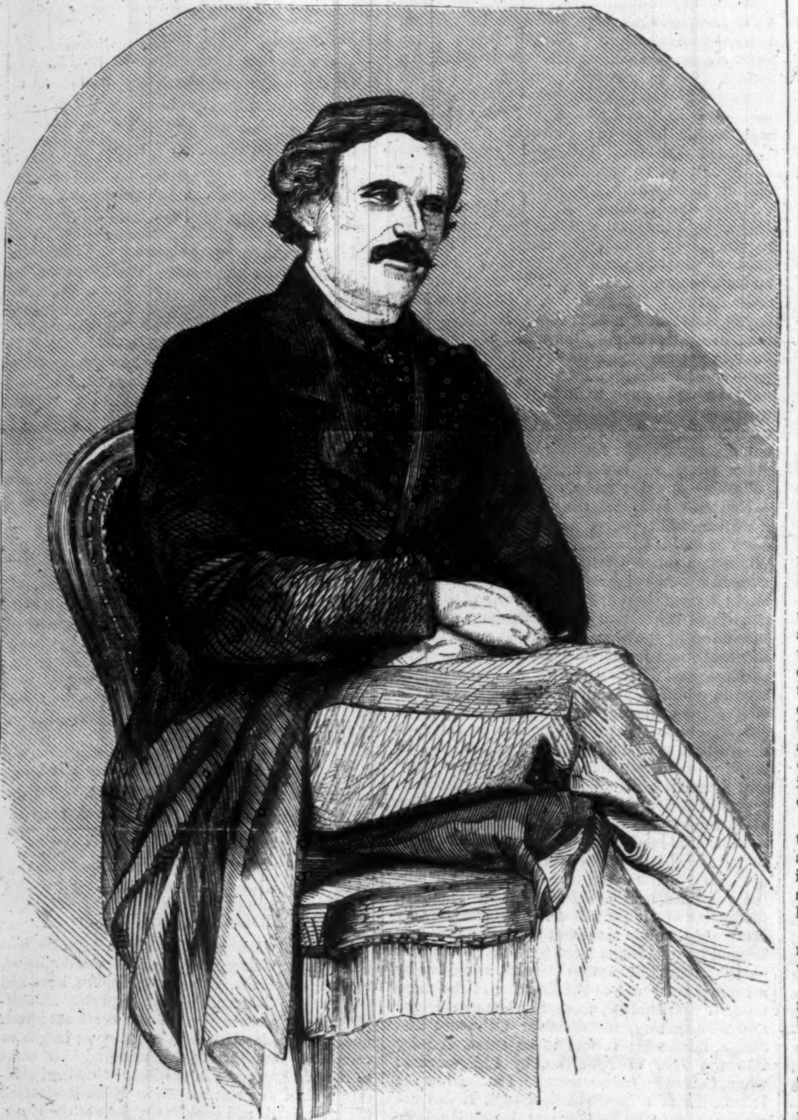
The ladies screamed. The spectre slowly entered the room, treading lightly as became a ghost, and walked straight to Home, who stood tottering near the mantle-piece; then fixing its eyes on him, it murmured, in a hollow voice,

"Man, why dost thou disturb my slumbers in the grave?"

With a fearful shriek Home fell, bleeding from the mouth and nostrils. The apparition terrified him beyond bearing. He who believed that he communicated with the spirits daily almost died of fright at the sight of a trick which almost any man of the world would have seen through!

It has already been stated that this narrative is given on the authority of Mr. Home's own statements, and those of his friends.

Neither the writer nor his readers, he trusts, have the least faith in the spirits. By what agency the singular raps and movements of inert matter are performed, if they are performed; what proportion of hallucination enters into the belief of the media and of those who rely on them; and whether there exists an unknown force in certain temperaments which enables them to produce sounds and move matter without visible agency, this writer will not go out of his way to inquire. Professors Peirce and Agassiz say that the raps, and sounds, and movements of tables are all a delusion. They are, or ought to be, able to judge.



D. DOUGLAS HOME, THE SPIRITUALIST.

## STEAM-PLOWS.

IT is interesting at this season of agricultural fairs to notice what they are doing abroad in the way of agricultural progress; and we have, therefore, engraved a picture of the trial of Boydell's steam-plow, which has lately taken place in Lincolnshire, England.

It consists of a locomotive with wheels not fashioned for a groove, but adapted for level or uneven ground, and capable of being steered with the same facility as a boat. Mr. Boydell's men drove it down the road near Louth as easily as one might drive a cart, and made a sharp turn into the field on which their experiments took place.

To this "steam-horse," as it seems to be usually called, three double-breasted wheel-plows were yoked, and worked to the entire satisfaction of the spectators. A large cultivator was then tried with equal success. Some lighter plows which were yoked to the steam-horse proved unable to resist the strain, and were broken to pieces.

On a subsequent occasion a still more careful trial was made. Three double-plows were yoked, and plowed an acre in seventy-three minutes, including stoppages and turnings, in strong clay land. This is at the rate of eight acres per day of ten hours. The cost in labor and coals was equal to £1 10*s.*, say $7 50—less than a dollar an acre. Had six single-plows been used, they would have required the labor of eighteen horses, besides men—costing in England over £2 10*s.*, say $12 50—and they would not have plowed over four and a half acres in the same space of time. The prime cost of the machine is said to be about equal to that of the eighteen horses. In this country it would be less than one-half that cost.

The same "steam-horse" was tried with a cultivator with clod-crusher and harrows attached, and worked well. Next a subsoil-plow was yoked, and answered admirably, working to a depth of twelve inches, by a like width. A draining-plow was tried at a depth of two feet with equal success, though, from imperfections in the plow, the earth was allowed to fall into the trench. Altogether the experiments went to prove that the steam-horse was capable of doing any thing that flesh-and-blood horses can do, and with a power equal to twenty-five, at least, of the latter.

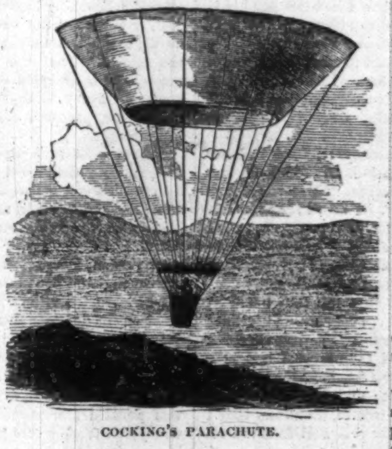
In France another kind of steam-plow has been tried within the past few weeks. In this the steam-power is stationary. A system of wires communicating with a gang of plows are worked by the engine; they traverse the field simultaneously in opposite directions, and lay open ten or twelve furrows at once. We have not before us the exact time consumed by this machine in plowing an acre, but it does not much exceed an hour. The difficulty in the way of this plan appears to be the danger of accident to the complicated machinery.

Steam-plows have been much talked of in this country, but have never yet been so successful as to rank among our agricultural implements. Both English and French seem to be in advance of us in this respect. Yet it is quite obvious that our vast prairie lands are the very place for the "steam-horse." Such locomotives as Mr. Boydell's, which was successful on the uneven land near Louth, would infallibly answer in Illinois; and with us, who pay very high for labor, and very little, comparatively, for machinery, they would be a blessing inestimable.

We should be glad to hear that some of our enterprising agricultural machinists or farmers had given the steam-plow a fair trial on the level lands of the West. There is a fortune there waiting a claimant.

## THE ACCIDENT TO MR. COCKING.

"A SUBSCRIBER" to *Harper's Weekly* writes to us from New Orleans to correct an error in the article on "Flying Machines," published in our issue of July 25th. To illustrate the fatal parachute descent of Mr. Cocking, of London, the writer of that article furnished us with a design from which it would seem that Mr. Cocking used the common umbrella-shaped parachute, and that this *capsized*. Our correspondent says: "The machine was framed on exactly the reverse principles of your drawing, and did *not capsize*, but *collapsed*. It was framed like an open umbrella *inverted*—as in the accompanying design (which we have engraved). By means of this shape he expected to overcome the violent oscillations to which parachutes made on the old principle were subject. At the top of the machine he had a tubular ring or hoop of tin; but the enormous pressure of the atmosphere caused it to break. The machine immediately "caved in," and fell with most astonishing velocity in a field near Lewisham, in Kent. I was one of the first who arrived at the spot where the unfortunate man fell. He breathed twice heavily, but never spoke. He struck the ground nearly head first, and rebounded about ten feet—making, where he first fell, an indentation in the turf of nearly a foot in depth!



COCKING'S PARACHUTE.

"The circular opening in the centre of Mr. Cocking's apparatus was designed to sustain the machine in a perpendicular position, causing it to slide down, as it were, upon a column of air. This was an ingenious idea, and would doubtless have served the purpose had the unfortunate adventurer calculated aright the amount of pressure to be encountered by the outer rim of the parachute."

## THE DOCTOR'S SKELETON.

THERE were no two persons in the town or county more alike than the Doctor and the Clergyman. They were alike in tastes, in habits, in appearance, in disposition, and, strangely enough for two persons who were so much alike, they were constantly together. For character is very much like electricity, like repelling like and attracting the opposite.

Of the two the Doctor was altogether the best looking. In that respect, there may be, as every body knows, a great similarity and yet a great difference. A very beautiful woman is often seen who resembles in a striking manner one who is worse than plain. It is not necessarily a compliment to say that a person resembles another who is esteemed beautiful.

Another difference between them was that the Doctor was given much more to jocularity than the pastor. The latter laughed at the physician's fun, and keenly enjoyed all his pleasantries, but never offered to respond in kind. His nearest approach to it was an occasional apt quotation from some favorite author, that hit the subject-matter of conversation precisely on the head.

Every evening they were together. In the summer they sat on the porch of the parsonage, and in the winter by the fire in the Doctor's library, office, operating-room, or whatever else he might call it or use it for.

It was a queer place—queer enough to scare a ghost. There were all manner of hideous objects staring down on one from dusty shelves or closed glass cases. There were no less than three skeletons hanging on as many pegs in the wall. Curious alcoholic preparations (not in the punch and that sort of line) stood in bottles and jars here and there. A mummied crocodile from Egypt lay along the wall over the windows, and the brown bone and sinewy arm of a mummied Theban threatened you with its clenched fist from the topmost shelf of the medicine closet. More modern preservations—the evidences of disease and deformity in this retired and peaceful part of the world, where one might hope disease had not found its way—were scattered here and there among the bones of dogs, and cats, and frogs, and other anatomical specimens, with which the Doctor was accustomed to amuse himself in his evenings, even while talking with his friend the Clergyman.

It was strange to see him come out of that den of all manner of abominations, the kind-hearted, jovial old man that he was. One who had been in it could not meet him out of it without a crawling sensation in the bones, and a conviction that he was itching to have hold of your "atomy" with his fingers. But he evinced no such desire, except once in a while by a sharp grasp of your arm above the elbow, and a rolling, pinching sort of shake which seemed as if he were measuring the size of it, but which was his way of expressing familiar kindness.

He was a widower also. The villagers remembered his wife with affection and respect. She had been in the church-yard now well-nigh twenty years, and he had not lost one particle of his love for her, nor had he ceased to speak of her in the same fond, kind tone. "Nellie used to do so," was his daily comment on some decision of a household question, and always settled it with him.

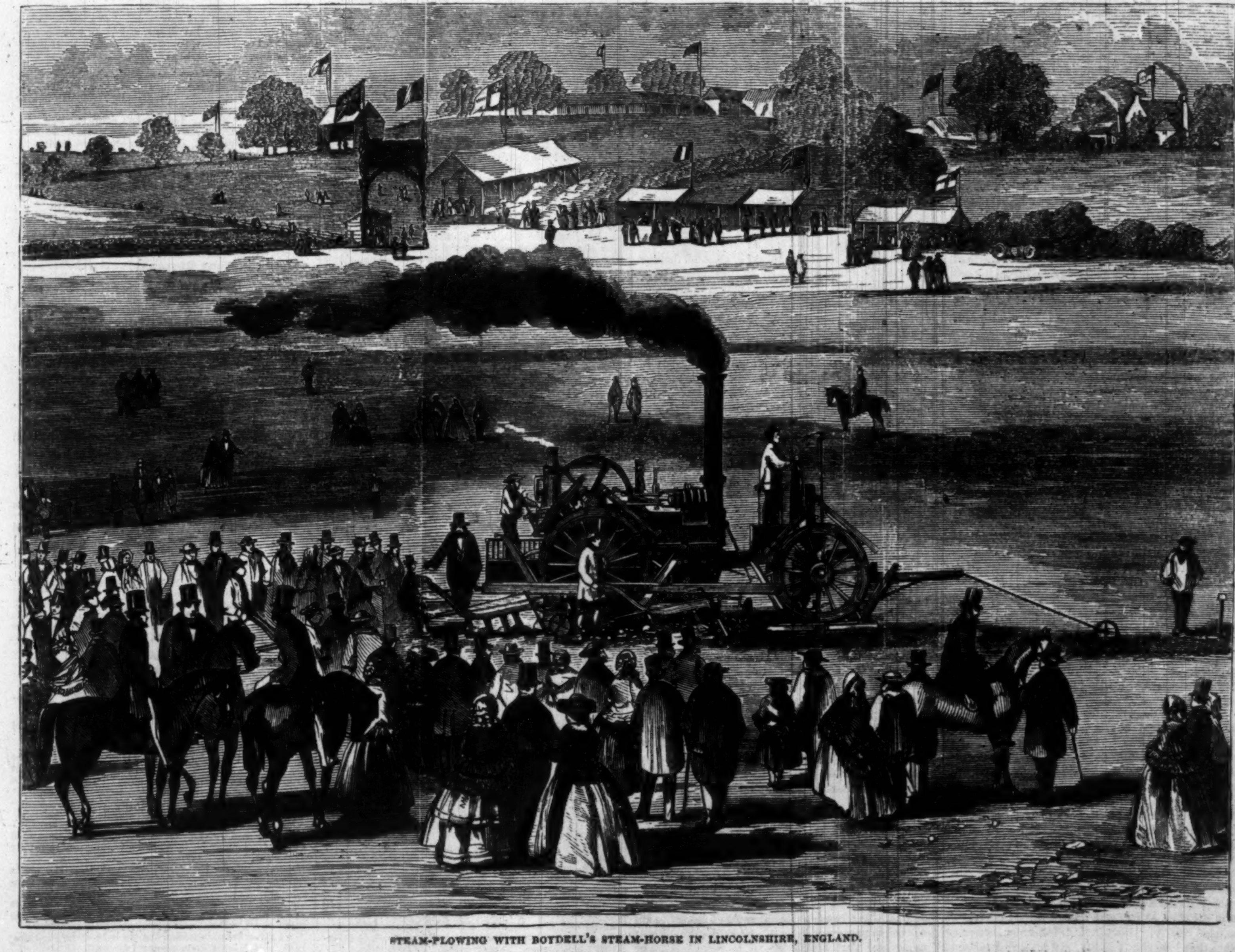
It was a glorious winter evening. The wind fairly howled with delight around the house, for the wind seems sometimes to be glad of a few hours of freedom. The snow lay deep on the ground, but was drifting into immense heaps, so that the housekeeper at the parsonage knew very well that Mr. Winslow would not come home from the Doctor's that night, and shut herself in and sat down comfortably to a mug of mulled wine by the minister's library fire.

In the Doctor's room were the two old friends, steadfastly plying the fire with logs of wood, and talking by turns as either one or the other rested from piling and poking the hearth. There was a pot, a large iron pot with a cover on it, swinging over the blaze, and to this the Doctor's special attention was directed. He would stir the embers and pile on the wood under it, and the flame would go up around it and lick it, and curl over the top of it, while the cover bubbled up and down with a steady, constant indication of the steam that was produced within.

"He was a stout-built, but splendid-looking man," said the Doctor, continuing the conversation. "I never saw a more finely-developed chest. Look at the breadth of his build. It is two feet across the collar-bones—and see his length. You can't judge by the skeleton, however, for it is loosely put together. He was six feet two, and as noble a man in physical construction as was ever made since Adam; and by far the greatest scoundrel of all his descendants."

It was evident the Doctor was speaking of one of his human specimens that hung on the wall. The Clergyman was silent and looked interested, and so the medical man continued,

"I was requested to be present at the execution, professionally. I received the request three weeks



STEAM-PLOWING WITH BOYDELL'S STEAM-HORSE IN LINCOLNSHIRE, ENGLAND.

before the day, and as I could not bear the idea of attending on him as a total stranger, a sort of butcher's assistant, to say when he was dead and fit for burial, I got the jailor to make an excuse to introduce me to him beforehand. He was averse to seeing any one, but he had not been well, and one morning when I was in the jail the sheriff went into his cell as if by accident, and told him I was in the building, and he would do well to see me. He consented, and I went in.

"He had a sore throat. His cell was damp and uncomfortable, and he had taken cold. I looked into his mouth. He had magnificent teeth. Just step up there with the light, Doctor, and examine them. They are the most elegant set I have ever laid eyes on."

"No, I thank you; I can see them very well from here. Go on."

"I prescribed a wash for his throat, and told him I would call in the morning. I preferred not to speak to him farther at this time.

"When I next called he was not alone. A lady, heavily vailed, was in his cell. I learned that she was his daily visitor, and that she had never allowed her face to be seen by any one. They could not say whether she was mother, wife, mistress, or friend to the prisoner. She came and went in silence. No one thought of preventing or questioning her.

"Gradually, day by day, he began to become communicative to me, and to have confidence in me as a friend as well as a physician, and as he conversed more freely I was astonished at the cultivation of his intellect. He was condemned for murder. The murder of a companion in a drunken brawl, in one of the lowest streets of the town. He was a stranger, a sailor, apparently, who had wandered up country and gotten into this terrible scrape. The mark of bad passions was manifest in his countenance. It was one of those faces that had been good but had become bad, and those are the worst in developing all the evil passions.

"It was a splendidly cut countenance. I wish you would just let me show you the shape of that head, and observe the contour of the forehead. No? Well, as you please. Just give me a lift with this pot, now, Doctor, if you will, I think my subject is sufficiently boiled."

He paused to swing the crane from the fire and lift off the cover of the pot, from which, with the aid of sundry tongs and pincers and other weapons, he proceeded to extract the body of a dead dog, which had been boiling some hours, and from which he now proposed to remove the flesh, leaving the skeleton to be put together with his usual skill in such operations.

It was not the pleasantest-looking object in the world, and the good old Clergyman, after vainly seeking some less disgusting resting-place for his eyes, incontinently bolted a glass of the Doctor's brandy, which he had hitherto refused to touch, and settled himself in his chair to listen to the continuation of the Doctor's history, which he went on with while the dog was cooling.

"At length I learned the whole history. He was a young man of good education, good prospects in life, and some property. But dissipation had led him from bad to worse until he had gone to sea, and descended into the lowest vices that sailors are given to. The end was natural. If it be not always the gallows, it is always the destruction of soul and body.

"The lady at length unvailed her face to me. It was of rare beauty, though worn and sad. She was young, not more than twenty-five, and might have been even younger, for it is difficult to determine the age of a sad face; but she was bound up in him wholly. She had not a thought of any person or thing else. Her voice was very musical and very clear, but she never spoke of any thing but his comfort, health, or fate. There was no lack of refinement in either of them, and it seemed as if sorrow had for the time totally eradicated the evil from his nature and left him all gentleness and kindness. But he was a villain for all that.

"It was his last night on earth. I was with him alone, for he had expressed such a wish.

"'Doctor,' said he, 'can you so arrange it that my body shall have a decent burial? I have some anxiety about it, and I did not wish to fall into the hands of your profession. I would make a splendid subject, would I not?' And he laughed pleasantly at the idea. 'The difficulty will be to hide my grave. You may not be able to succeed, but I would rather you did it than any one else. So if you can't keep me from the others take me yourself. But don't let her know it.'

"The fact was I had been desirous of just this thing myself, but I had not dared to introduce the subject. Now, however, I promised him faithfully to bury his body intact if it were possible, and if it were not that I would not allow it to leave my own hands. I made him give me a written order for it, and the Sheriff accepted the order in his presence, and then we were left alone again.

"'Doctor, I have one thing more to say to you. When you remove my clothing you will find a small locket on my breast. I will not show it to you now. I dare not open it or look at it. Take it when I am dead, and keep it till you bury me. Then bury it with me. I will tell you whose face it contains.

"'She was the daughter of my mother's sister. She was—you will see how beautiful—and she loved me. Yes, the women have all loved me. I am worth loving, if a splendid body can make one so; but as to the soul—the least we say of that the better. I never had much difficulty in accommodating that to the company I was in, and I think Bessie never doubted that I was one of the salt of the earth. Well, I loved her. Puritan, saintly little body that she was, I loved her with all my heart—that is, while it lasted. I went to meeting with her, to singing-school, to church, every where in fact. She was my cousin, what more natural? I am recalling all these things every day in my prison, and to-night they have come back with all the vividness of reality. Doctor, I never knew before or since that love that I had for my cousin; I think it was what men call pure love, true love, first love, or something of the sort.

"'Well, Sir, what do you think I did with her? Her father was dead. Her mother had five besides her, and was poor. Marry her? Not I. I was not a marrying man. You look curiously at me. You think I am a little mad. I am not. I am only what you call a villain, a scoundrel. Yes, Sir, I seduced her, and carried her off to the city.

"'Well, she had three years of splendid life with me. It was better to live three years gayly, in all the luxury and glorious life of the great city, than to have moped for thirty years in the up-country village. I carried her into every place that I went into. Women complain that men go, their husbands go, to places where they would not take their wives, and think no shame of it. "It is not a place for ladies," is esteemed a full answer. They complain justly. I resolved to go nowhere without her. She accommodated herself to my whims and wishes. She entered into all my pleasures. She was a girl of more spirit than I had imagined, and I confess that I sometimes shuddered when I saw to what lengths of wildness she went in the paths I led her into. I don't want to conceal any thing. She had become a perfect fiend. I had transformed her from the pure, gentle, country maiden into the unblushing, bold, and reckless woman of the town. Never was a more complete transformation.

"'It would be vain to deny that she had her times of penitence and remorse. At such times she cursed me. How she cursed me! Her voice rings in my ears sometimes now. I heard it in this cell last night, night before—I hear it every night. I shall hear it when the rope chokes me.

"'Oh, she was a beautiful fiend! Every hour of that life made her more beautiful and more splendid in her appearance. I spent all that I had on her—every dollar of money, every rag of clothing—and then I had my reward. She left me for a richer man; one who had the money I had lost. She left me coolly, deliberately, mockingly. She laughed at me and left me; and then I saw her in all the gayety of her new wealth, and knew that I had made her thus, and for this well-deserved return.

"'You think the way of transgressors hard. No, it was not so hard along the way as it is in the retrospect. Listen, while I whisper—lean over, Doctor. I killed her!'

"He rose and walked up and down the cell, and then sat down again and looked at me as if I had stolen the secret from him, and he felt disposed to tear it out of my brain.

"'But she had the advantage of me after that!' and he laughed bitterly. 'She haunted me, and I could not reach her to punish her. She came to me in every spectral form. Her lips white, her eyes flashing; or with rich, red lips, and soft blue eyes, as in the days of her innocent girlhood. That was the hardest. When she was in her angry form I laughed at her; but when she came a young, fair child, with those deep, loving eyes, she crushed me, she scared me, damned me with the fires of hell! And then, when she was gone, I raved at her, and threatened to follow her into the world she was suffering in, and be revenged.

"On sea and land, for ten years, this has been my steady, constant life. She has never missed a day or night. She will be here to-night, and to-morrow I will see her face to face.

"'Doctor, I am not mad, but I can not say whether I love or hate the memory of my cousin Bessie. I carry her image on my heart from a strange superstitious affection. Other men would call it love. But I know that if she were in this cell to-night, in her own person, I would kill her again, as I killed her before, with my fingers griping her throat, and her blue eyes staring into mine till she was dead!'

"'And this woman—' said I.

"'D—n her!' was his short, gruff, and furious response; and, after a pause, he continued: 'Another of my sins. She was fool enough to love me, and I never refused love from a good-looking woman. She has lived with me three years. I suppose I ought to marry her. Which, think you, she would like best to be—the widow of a hanged murderer, or the outcast of some unknown seducer?'

"'Ask her. Let her choose. Is not that best?'

"'Perhaps it is. Will you call her in? But, Doctor, not a word of this other matter. She never heard of her.'

"I called her in, and she wept for joy at his proposal. I do him the justice to say that he seemed all kindness to her, and she could not have dreamed that he did not love her. But a sardonic smile on his face as she laid her head on his breast, and he turned his eyes to me, showed me that he was actually enjoying his hypocrisy. But they were married that night.

"I stood by him on the scaffold. There was no change of demeanor, no confession, no shrinking. He was cool and calm; looked over the crowd with a sneer, and submitted to the operations with a *nonchalance* that puzzled the clergyman in attendance.

"The moment before he fell I could see him staring fixedly on vacancy, and he shivered as if with cold. That was the last of his struggles with his remorse on earth. He died without a movement after the drop.

"That isn't the end of the story, Dr. Winslow. Don't straighten yourself up with such an air of relief. I am not through yet. The way of transgressors is hard, and his way was hard even to the grave. Bad as he was—thoroughly as I detested him and his boasting villainy—I resolved to bury him decently.

"But to secure his grave from intrusion was my main object, and that seemed utterly impossible. There was a mania among the doctors in such cases, and an execution was the signal for twenty of my brother practitioners and half a dozen medical students, who had been for a year in an office in the next village, to set all their wits at work and to raise a considerable amount of money to endeavor to procure a subject. Knowing that it was mine, and that I had refused to permit it to be touched, they devised ways to outwit me and I ways to deceive them.

"I had a grave dug in the church-yard, in an out-of-the-way corner, and in the night I had a cart-load of stones dumped into it, and filled it up level with the ground. They had severe work digging that open again, but they did it before daylight. I had another grave in the swamp near my house, filled with similar contents, and I was watched there too, and the same result was reached.

"Meantime the murderer's body lay under my office table, and I could not remove it. I had tried a dozen expedients, and finally made up my mind to bury it in my own cellar, and I went to bed the second night full of this determination.

"I woke, as usual, early in the morning, and went down to my office.

"You were never in a surgeon's room after a dissection! Then I can't describe to you how things looked in the office. Those young scamps of students had got in in the night, had made themselves at home, had spent six hours over the subject, had burned my candles, drank my brandy, dulled my instruments, and carried off the heart of the subject. That was all that was missing. I must have interrupted them in the midst of their work, for every thing lay as they had left it in their haste, prepared to carry with them but for my coming.

"I regarded it as providential, and I took the indications and finished him myself. There he hangs. He never had a grave. His shade wanders this side the river, and old Charon refuses him passage over to be damned, as he would be.

"You smile at my profane mythology! I beg your pardon, Doctor. I ought to be more modern in my religion. But I can't help a liking to fancy the bad-hearted villain here wandering without a heart on the desolate shores of the Styx."

"What became of the woman, his wife?"

"A year after that she came and begged me to show her the grave of her husband. She wept profusely, and was in deep and sincere sorrow. I was puzzled and perplexed by her request. It was just the only thing I could not do. She sat in a chair under that very skeleton, and as she rose the foot caught in the fringe of her shawl, and with a coolness worthy a man of nerve, she disengaged it with her own hands."

"And how did you manage about the grave, Doctor?"

"I will tell you. One grave, I thought, was as well as another for her purposes, and so I took her to the church-yard and showed her a mound which I left her to suppose covered the remains of her dead husband. I hope her tears quieted the sleep of some poor sinner. They did him no good, that is certain."

## THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Do you think that I shall have justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel, a shrewd Kentucky lawyer of the best class of that eloquent State.

"I am afraid that you *won't*," replied the other. "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging!"

An elderly lady, who, with her daughter, has but recently returned from a very rapid journey through England, France, and part of Germany and Italy, was asked, the other day, if they had visited Rome, and she replied in the negative. "La! ma, yes, we did," said the daughter. "That was the place where we bought the bad stockings!"

During the visit of Dan Rice's circus to Upper Canada, an English bully allowed that he could lick "any two Yankees that ever was born." Dan doubted this, and informed the Englishman that, in the absence of "a pair of Yankees," he might try his hand on him. The Englishman off coat, and pitched in. Dan countered, and hit the Englishman under his left ear. The Englishman went up about five feet, leaving his boots behind. Englishman came down again, and fell like a log. Dan got a physician, bled the Englishman, and brought him to. Having done this, he sent him home on a shutter. The affair occurred about twenty miles from Niagara. The licking was so well deserved, and so handsomely finished off, that it added to Dan's popularity. The day after this he performed to $1200; the day afterward to $1720.

The love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

A Dublin paper, in describing a human body lately discovered in an extraordinary state of preservation in a peat-bog near Mullingar, says that "it appeared to be that of a strong, muscular man, and exhibited no perceptible marks of violence, except that the head was severed from the neck just on a line with the root of the tongue." The exception seems a rather important one. Our Hibernian contemporary apparently makes light of a somewhat serious mutilation in virtually stating that the deceased person had only had his head cut off.

Suppose a man drinks four glasses of liquor a day, at five cents a glass, in a week he spends $1 40, and in a year $72 80. This will buy the following articles: Four barrels of flour, say $24; four pairs of boots, say $15; 40 pounds of butter $10; 200 pounds beef $9; a new hat $4; a new satin vest $4; a bonnet for wife $5; sugar-plums for children 180 cents, total $72 80.

The aborigines of Australia have a notion that after death they rise again in the natural world, and become white people. They are now very fond of intoxicating liquors—so fond that if told they will soon die, they reply, "Me don't care; me jump up again white man, with plenty of sixpence for drink."

An Irishman attending a Quaker meeting, heard a young friend make the following announcement: "Brethern and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord." "Faith an' be jabers, an' it will be a long time before ye'll see yer father-in-law!" said Pat.

"Maria," said a lady to her colored chambermaid, "that is the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me, pray, how many do you own?"

"Only seven, Miss; but Ise saving my wages to buy anoder."

"Seven! what use are seven silk dresses to you? Why, I do not own as many as that."

"'Spect not, Miss," said the smiling darkey, "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see you quality white folks eberybody know is quality; but we bettermost kind of collur'd pussons has to dress smart to 'stinguish ourselves from common niggers."

So critics, who denounce the present extravagant style of dress, be lenient! And when the paraphernalia of hoops and flounces, silks, velvets, and laces is very astounding, remember that the poor things *must* do something to 'stinguish themselves from common folks.

"My friend," said a philanthropic gentleman to a chap whose wandering, unsteady gait betrayed "ardent" familiarity with the "spirits," "I thought you was a Son of Temperance." "Mistake," hiccoughed Toodles, steadying himself for the reply. "No (hic) relation—not a bit—not even (hic) acquainted."

Night running is ruinous to the morals of boys. They acquire under the cover of night an unhealthy state of mind, bad, vulgar, and profane language, a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall that boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute men.

In Chicago a fellow named Reed was arrested, charged with passing two $10 counterfeit notes. The charge was fully proven, whereupon Reed proved that he had *stolen* the bills from a comrade. The fact that he stole the money was considered evidence that he supposed the money to be good, and the fact that the money was counterfeit, being not money in the eyes of the law, it was contended that no offense was committed in the stealing of it, and he was forthwith discharged.

Mr. Choate is said to have once described the boundary line between Rhode Island and Massachusetts in this language: "Why," said he, "it is like starting at a bush, from thence to a blue jay, from thence to a hive of bees in swarming time, from thence to three hundred foxes with fire-brands at their tails."

A phriend, pheeling phunnily phigurative, phurnishes the phollowing:

"4ty 4tunate 4esters 4tuitously 4tifying 4 4lorn 4tresses 4cibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4ming 4aging 4ces."

It was a maxim of General Jackson's, "Take time to deliberate; but when the hour for action arrives, stop thinking, and go in."

The sensitive actor, who could not sit in the same room with a tea-urn on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a burst of applause.

An exchange paper says the most dignified, glorious, and lovely work of nature is woman—the next, man—and thirdly, the Berkshire pig.

One of our dailies has the following item: "The Honorable W. L. Dayton, who is summering at Long-Branch, according to his usual custom was severely attacked with bilious colic on Sunday." Remarkable man! How long does it take one to become *accustomed* to the bilious colic on Sunday?"

Jemmy remarked to his grandmother that old Mrs. Crankshaw had the appearance of a person with one foot in the grave. "Well, really, upon my word," said the antique lady, "I thought I noticed she walked a leetle lame, lately."

A medical gentleman says, that those ladies who make it a business to trouble dry goods' clerks and never buy any thing, ought to be called counter-irritants.

"What is the best attitude for self-defense?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

A lady complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied, "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

A Paris letter says the Sultan of Turkey has ordered Froment Meurice to make him a splendid mirror, set in diamonds. It will cost about $100,000, and is destined for the favorite of the harem—a beauty who not only exhausts the immense allowance given by her lord, but manages to run up bills in Constantinople to the amount of half a million of dollars yearly.

In Cincinnati, recently, the daughter of a wealthy citizen first procured the appointment of a needy young man as secretary to her father, and then, when her parents went to Newport, she staid behind on some plausible excuse, went off with the young fellow, and was married.

The *Pick* has the following scene:

Wife. "Won't you, Charley, really? Won't you take me to the country this summer?"

Charley. "No, my dear, I can't afford to this summer. But I will tell you what I will do: I will have the gas and Croton cut off, and we'll sleep in the back attic, which will be just as nice!"

A ludicrous item of testimony was squeezed out of a village gallant at Medina in the course of the coroner's investigation. Mr. Aminidab Doolittle was called on the witness-stand, blushing in anticipation of the revelation he might be called upon to make. John W. Graves, Esq., who conducted the case, "put him through," as follows:

Graves. "Where were you on Sunday evening last?"

Doolittle. "At the Methodist church, Sir."

Graves. "Where did you go after church?"

Doolittle. "I went down to Centre Street."

Graves. "How far down Centre Street did you go?"

Doolittle. "Well, I went down to C—— Street."

Graves. "What house did you go to on C—— Street?"

Doolittle. "Well, I went to—I went to—well, I don't know as I'm obliged to tell where I went."

Graves. "You are obliged to tell—so out with it."

Doolittle. "I went to—to—Mr. Higgin's."

Graves. "How late did you stay?"

Doolittle. "I staid till—well, about ten o'clock."

Graves. "Where did you go then?"

Doolittle. "Didn't go any where—I staid to Mr. Higgin's."

Graves. "How late did you stay?"

Doolittle. "I staid till—till—I guess, about eleven o'clock."

Graves. "Yes; and where did you go then?"

Doolittle. "Didn't go any where. I staid at Mr. Higgin's till about half past eleven!"

Graves. "Well, then where did you go?"

Doolittle. "I went to—I don't know, Sir, as I'm obliged to tell where I went."

Graves. "You are obliged to tell, Sir. Where did you go?"

Doolittle. "I went to—well, I didn't go any where. By *special* request I staid all night!"

"I say, Sambo, does you know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?" "No, I don't know 'cept it makes de ground strong for de corn." "No, I just tell you; when de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de fumery, so it hurries out of de ground, and gets up as high as possible, so it can't breathe bad air."

Queenly Miss Quaint, the aim of whose life
Is to die an old maid or a minister's wife,
Grotesquely averred, after hearing young Spread,
"I'll hear him all day, *if I walk on my head!*"
"Good!" said old Hunx, with a comical smile;
"But please, if you're late, don't come up the broad aisle!"

An old woman who lived near the frontier during the last war with Great Britain, and possessed a marvelous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of the soldiers. On one occasion she called to one of those defenders of our rights whom she had frequently saluted before:

"What's the news?"

"Why, good woman," said he, "the Indians have fixed a crow-bar under Lake Erie, and are going to turn it over and drown the world!"

"Oh, mercy! what shall I do?" and away she ran to tell her neighbors of the danger, and inquire of the minister how such a calamity could be averted.

"Why," said he, "you need not be alarmed—we have our Maker's promise that he will not again destroy the earth by water."

"I know that," returned the old lady—"he's nothing to do with it—it's them plaguy Indians."

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, September* 7, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were much depressed during the week. Breadstuffs were abundant, and they deteriorated. The demand was not brisk, having been mainly for home use. We quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour $5 30 @ $6 00; Superfine to fancy Western do. $5 30 @ $3 00; fancy to extra Genessee do. $6 15 @ $8 00; extra Western do. $5 75 @ $9 00; ordinary superfine to extra Canadian do. $5 35 @ $7 25; mixed to choice extra Southern do. $6 15 @ $8 00; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 00 @ $5 25; Corn Meal $4 15 @ $4 20 for Jersey, and $4 25 @ $4 50 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat closes at $1 47 @ $1 70 for White, and $1 18 @ $1 45 for Red, per bushel. Corn leaves off at 71 @ 75 c. for mixed Western per bushel. Rye is inactive and languid at 80 @ 86 c. per bushel. Barley is unchanged. Oats are moderately sought after, and are steady at 60 @ 64 c. for Western; 54 @ 60 c. for State; 45 @ 56 c. for Jersey; 43 @ 56 c. for Canadian; 45 @ 56 c. for Pennsylvania; 38 and 45 c. for Southern, per bushel. Cotton is heavy and a shade cheaper, with very light movements reported. Middling Uplands 15¼; do. Gulfs 15½ @ 16 c. per pound. Several lots of the new crop of Cotton appeared in the Southern markets during the week. The available stock of Cotton in New York is now 16,778 bales against 34,657 bales same time last year. The receipts of Cotton at all the shipping ports to latest dates this season have been 2,906,176 bales against 3,489,170 bales to the corresponding period of last season. The total exports of Cotton from the United States, so far this season, have been 2,248,590 bales against 2,946,291 bales to the same time last season. The total stock on hand and on shipboard, in all the shipping ports, at the latest dates, was 48,642 bales against 59,063 bales at the same period last year. The stock in the interior towns, at the latest dates, was 6874 bales against 4740 bales at the corresponding period a year ago.

Provisions are dull and drooping. We now quote: Mess Pork $25 50; Prime do. $21 25, per barrel; Hams 13 c.; Shoulders 12 c.; Smoked Bacon 14¼ @ 15 c.; Lard 15¼ @ 15½ c., per pound; Repacked Western Mess Beef $17 00 @ $18 00 per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $30 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 50 per barrel; common to choice State Butter 17 @ 25 c.; Cheese 6½ @ 9¼ c., per pound. Groceries are heavy, and prices are without improvement, save for Sugars, which have slightly advanced again. Other commodities show no important alteration.

*Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about September 1.*

| | 1856. | 1857. |
|---|---|---|
| Ashes, barrels | 519 | 826 |
| Coffee, packages | 95,071 | 118,564 |
| Cotton, bales | 34,657 | 16,246 |
| Hemp, tons | 250 | 311 |
| Hemp, bales | 5,605 | 12,526 |
| Hides, number | 59,161 | 212,776 |
| Leather, Sole, sides | 26,000 | 79,300 |
| Molasses, hogsheads | 14,046 | 18,707 |
| Molasses, barrels | 770 | 14,841 |
| Pork, barrels | 34,041 | 23,640 |
| Beef, tierces and barrels | 24,558 | 9,027 |
| Rice, tierces | 3,718 | 1,708 |
| Rice, bags | 3,370 | — |
| Sugars, hogsheads | 73,883 | 90,848 |
| Sugars, bags | — | 13,099 |
| Sugars, boxes | 19,231 | 23,982 |
| Tobacco, crude, hogsheads | 6,924 | 6,932 |
| Tobacco, crude, bales | 6,353 | 8,855 |
| Tobacco, manufactured, packages | 26,880 | 57,523 |

Freights were somewhat brisker and firmer. For Liverpool, Cotton 2s. 9d. @ 3s. per bale; Flour 9d. @ 1s. per barrel; Grain 2½d. @ 4d. per bushel; Beef 9d. @ 1s. 3d. per tierce; Rosin 9d. @ 1s. per barrel, and heavy goods 7. 6d. @ 15s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations.

The Live Stock Market has fallen again for Beeves—chiefly under the pressure of an overstock, though the panic in financial circles added to the depressive influences. The reduction in prices induced free purchases last Wednesday, leaving only some 250 to 300 head in the yards unsold. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, reached 4040 Beeves, 220 Milch Cows, 700 Veal Calves, 12,678 Sheep and Lambs, and 18,000 Swine, against 2703 Beeves, 244 Milch Cows, 711 Veal Calves, 13,836 Sheep and Lambs, and 1339 Swine, the preceding week. The range of prices for Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market, last Wednesday, was from 8 for the poorest to 12 c. for first quality, the general average having been 10 @ 10¼ c. per pound. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were sparingly sought after, at former rates. Veal Calves were in less request, at 5 @ 7½ c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs continued unusually plenty, and though inquired for pretty briskly, prices favored buyers. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $2 50 @ $6 00 per head. Swine were even less freely offered than they were needed, and they closed firmly at 7½ @ 8½ c. for live, and 9¾ @ 10½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market is very heavily stocked with many garden vegetables; these are in request, but at reduced prices. Potatoes are salable and steady, with a fair quantity here. The rot has seriously injured the crop. We hear of fields in many places that will pay but little more than the expense of digging, owing to the prevalence of the disease, but this is not the case generally. The supply of fruit is not large, and high prices are being obtained for desirable articles, such as good Apples, Peaches, and Plums. Barnyard Produce is plenty and heavy.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, new, per barrel | $2 00 | @ | $3 00 |
| Blackberries, per bushel | $4 50 | @ | $5 00 |
| Whortleberries, per bushel | $2 00 | @ | $2 50 |
| Pears, per barrel | $2 50 | @ | $5 50 |
| Peaches, per basket | $1 50 | @ | $2 25 |
| Plums, per bushel | $3 00 | @ | $4 50 |
| Potatoes, new, per barrel | $1 87½ | @ | $3 00 |
| " sweet, per barrel | $4 00 | @ | $4 75 |
| Onions, new, per 100 bunches | $4 00 | @ | $4 50 |
| " per bushel | 75 | @ | 80 |
| Turnips, new, per barrel | 50 | @ | $1 00 |
| Tomatoes, per basket | 25 | @ | 45 |
| Lettuce, per hundred | 75 | @ | $1 00 |
| Squashes, new, per barrel | $1 00 | @ | $1 25 |
| Watermelons, per 100 | $10 00 | @ | $20 00 |
| Beets, per 100 bunches | $2 00 | @ | $3 00 |
| Cucumbers, per 100 | 50 | @ | — |
| Cabbages, per 100 | $2 00 | @ | $4 00 |
| Cauliflowers, per dozen | $1 00 | @ | $1 25 |
| Chicory, per 100 | 75 | @ | $1 00 |
| Parsnips, per dozen bunches | 37 | @ | 44 |
| Carrots, per 100 bunches | $1 50 | @ | $2 00 |
| Nutmeg Melons, per barrel | $1 00 | @ | $2 50 |
| Beans, per basket | 37 | @ | — |
| " per bushel | 75 | @ | — |
| Corn, per 100 ears | 50 | @ | 62½ |
| " Sweet, per 100 ears | 50 | @ | $1 00 |
| Leeks, per dozen | 37 | @ | 44 |
| Parsley and Soup Celery, per 100 | $1 00 | @ | — |
| Garlic, per 100 | $7 00 | @ | — |
| Peppers, per 100 | 37 | @ | 50 |
| Butter, Western, per pound | 15 | @ | 19 |
| " State, per pound | 17 | @ | 25 |
| Eggs, Fresh, per dozen | 15 | @ | 15½ |
| " Western, per dozen | 10 | @ | 14 |
| Chickens, per pair | 50 | @ | 75 |
| Live Fowls, per pair | 75 | @ | 87½ |
| Ducks, per pair | 65 | @ | $1 00 |
| Turkeys, per pound | 16 | @ | 18 |
| Geese, each | $1 00 | @ | $1 50 |
| Pigeons, Squab, per dozen | $1 50 | @ | $1 65 |
| Woodcock, per dozen | $3 75 | @ | $4 50 |
| Beef, per pound | 10 | @ | 13 |
| Mutton, per pound | 8 | @ | 12 |
| Lamb, per pound | 9 | @ | 12½ |
| Veal, per pound | 11 | @ | 12 |
| Pork, per pound | 10½ | @ | 10½ |

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, Sept.* 7, 1857.

THE trade of the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

| | Imports. | Exports. |
|---|---|---|
| Week ending Sept. 5, 1857 | $3,323,020 | $1,149,011 |
| Corresponding week, 1856 | 4,156,094 | 1,080,114 |
| Increase | | $68,897 |
| Decrease | $833,074 | |

The export of specie was light, being only a trifle over a quarter of a million, while over a million and a half was obtained from California, and as much more from the Sub-Treasury and the interior. Hence, the banks probably have as much as twelve millions at the present time against nine and a quarter last week. Exchange is dull, at 109 @ 109½; but money is extremely tight, 15 and 18 being paid for first class paper.

On Tuesday the Mechanics Banking Association—a small concern, which has been in bad credit for some time, and which has suffered severely from a recent defalcation—suspended payment, and produced for a time a panic in the city. Some mercantile failures have since occurred, and the depression in railway securities continues. But, as a whole, the feeling is calm and secure in comparison with what it was last week.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.


TO THE BOOKSELLER AND BUYER.

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ORATION DELIVERED BY RALPH WALDO DOESTICKS, on the INAUGURATION of the so-called IMPROVEMENTS in the PICAYUNE.

LADIES AND MEN:—This is a serious world. We are brought into this world to toil, struggle, and suffer. We are brought into this world to be serious, not to fritter away our valuable lives in levity. I wish to give you a large number of words of advice on the subject of seriousness. What I am now saying, and what I am about to say, is suggested by certain alterations, supposed to be improvements, in a little funny paper, called THE PICAYUNE, published in New York. That paper I am opposed to, for in various ways it has a tendency to frustrate the efforts of a large class of men, to make us serious and sorrowful. In the first place, that paper makes us laugh, and a man, while laughing, can not be serious. In the second place, laughter helps digestion. Now there is nothing so highly calculated to make us take a serious view of life as indigestion; therefore I object to THE PICAYUNE. Again, laughter produces corpulency, than which nothing is more unbecoming. Moreover, a man who expends four cents for a copy of a funny paper wastes an amount of money which, if judiciously expended, would provide him with a nutritious glass of Lager Beer. What are fifteen or twenty funny pictures and a few hundred laughs, compared to four cents' worth of animal fibre, bone, and sinew.

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At an unprecedented reduction in price.

In offering this inducement, their stock will be found replete with every article in their line. Families furnishing, or in want of

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[*From the New York Times.*]

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*From* PROFESSOR GRAHAM, F.R.S., University College, London, and PROFESSOR HOFFMANN, Ph.D., F.R.S., College of Chemistry, London.—"The sifting nature of the chemical examination which the Beers of Messrs. ALLSOPPS' manufacture for many months past have been subjected to, fully establishes their incontestable purity. The Process of brewing Pale Ale is one in which nothing but water and the best malt and hops, of the first quality, are used; *it is an operation of the greatest delicacy and care*, which would be entirely ruined by any tampering with the materials employed. *London*, April 26."

*From the* ANALYTICAL SANITARY COMMISSIONER *of the* "LANCET," MAY 15, 1852.—"From the pure and wholesome nature of the ingredients employed, the moderate proportion of alcohol present, and the very considerable quantity of aromatic anodyne bitter derived from hops contained in these Beers, they tend to preserve the tone and vigor of the stomach, and conduce to the restoration of the health of that organ when in a state of weakness or debility. They resemble, indeed, from their lightness, a WINE OF MALT rather than an ordinary fermented infusion; and it is very satisfactory to find that a beverage of such general consumption is entirely free from every kind of impurity."

*From* PROFESSOR MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E., Member of the Royal Irish Academy.—"I have carefully examined and analysed samples of your Ales, and find that they do not contain a particle of any injurious substance. *I and my family have used your Ales for years, and with perfect confidence in their purity.* I know that Pale Ale, when prepared, as it must be in your Brewery, under scientific surveillance, contains a large quantity of nutritious matter; and the hop, by its tonic properties, gives a healthy tone to the stomach.

"COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY, *Liverpool*, April 20."

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